AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
MAY 14 1985

MAY 27, 1985 • $1.95

Claire Sterling: How They Caught The Pope's Assassins

SHIVA NAIPAUL ON THE GANDHI DYNASTY • NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN ON GARY HART'S NOVEL

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Bruce Babbitt, Sunbelt Democrat *Fred Barnes*

It's 'mentioning' season *Charles Lane*

A history of 'new ideas' *Jefferson Morley*

OH NO! CAMPAIGN '88

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

CHICAGO ADDENDUM

To the editors:

Thomas Geoghegan's "Chicago, Pride of the Rustbelt" (March 25) has much to commend it, but I would add two observations to his brief for "America's greatest city." His experiences on the East Coast have inhibited him. He is obsessed with drawing the inevitable contrast between Chicago and New York City. Yet those who value virtues of "old Europe" are inclined to look to Toronto, North America's preeminent European city and a place Chicagoans love to visit. I *do* understand why the author ignored Chicago's venerated WFMT, unsurpassed among classical music radio stations in the United States. No doubt he does not want to let the secret out.

MICHAEL H. EBNER
Lake Forest, Illinois

ISOLATIONISM, ON THE FENCE

To the editors:

I have read and reread Senator Gary Hart's response (Correspondence, April 8) to Charles Krauthammer's excellent article "Isolationism, Left and Right" and have been unable to see that the senator is offering any constructive suggestions—a failure with which he charges Mr. Krauthammer.

Senator Hart writes, "There is a better alternative to blind isolationism than blind interventionism." Between these extreme choices, the senator comes down squarely in favor of blind fence-sitting.

This is the future of the Democratic Party?

STEVEN A. MOORE
Camas, Washington

PHILIPPINE PRESCRIPTION

To the editors:

Although I agree with Representative Stephen Solarz's description of the Philippine situation ("Last Chance for the Philippines," April 8), his prescription for U.S. policy seems unequal as a cure. His article depicts the strength of the Communist insurgency, which has become "a nationwide insurrection." To encounter this insurgency and restore democracy, Solarz suggests the U.S. cut all military aid and channel all economic aid through the Catholic Church as a way of persuading Marcos to "initiate reforms." If these actions are taken, where will U.S. leverage over Marcos come from?

More aid to the government, not less, carefully conditioned on specific economic, political, and military reforms, might provide greater U.S. leverage and greater hope for reform.

This appears to be the administration's policy: military aid conditioned on precise military reforms, including improvements in human rights. Representative Solarz argues for more economic aid as a way of signaling Marcos to undertake reform, while acknowledging that "Marcos has not yet heeded the message" that Congress sent last year when such aid was increased.

Most of the economic aid package that the House has approved for FY86 under Solarz's prodding will be as Economic Support Funds. ESF monies are controlled by First Lady Imelda Marcos, who is part of the problem, not the solution. By giving her more money to distribute through the line ministries, the U.S. is helping her improve her power base.

By using U.S. military aid to favor reform elements within the military, the U.S. may be able to weaken Marcos's control and isolate him from the decision process as is occurring in the case of economic policy. The policy Representative Solarz presents is not the only way of influencing events "in a manner compatible with both our interests and our ideals."

RICHARD J. KESSLER
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

HOGGING THE LAND

To the editors:

I found Henry Fairlie's article "Farmers and the Land" (April 1) more than a little baffling.

As I understand it, in determining land use Mr. Fairlie would have us subordinate economic demand, market forces, and the organized political efforts of citizens groups to his own particular aesthetic judgment as to what constitutes the "true countryside of America." But unlike the selfish hikers and skiers he criticizes, who normally focus their attention on a single mountain or natural area, Mr. Fairlie wants *all* the land, at least from New York to eastern Kansas. It is hard to imagine a more striking picture of privilege than a magazine editor wandering our rural areas in his "van," with humble but obedient farmers toiling tirelessly to maintain a proper and "civil" quality to things. Indeed, "you could not ask for lovelier land." The irony here is matched only by Mr. Fairlie's hubris in criticizing others for their natural self-interest.

STEPHEN BEZANSON
Nacogdoches, Texas

GRAVE MISGIVINGS

To the editors:

You might suggest to the reviewer of my *Grave New World* ("Democracy and Its Discontents" by Timothy Garton Ash, May 6) that he not dismiss as "utter poppycock" my suggestion that there may be organizations like Solidarity throughout the Soviet Empire. If he looks more carefully, I am sure that he will find abundant evidence, as I have.

Your reviewer might also spend a bit more time describing my book instead of insulting it. He left out the two central themes in my analysis of the Soviet Empire: structural crisis and corruption. Much of the material on the Soviet economic system is new, based on years of interviews of Soviet bloc defectors and European businessmen with intimate firsthand experience with the Soviet system. The material on technological espionage that he deplores so strongly is also new. The source of it (General Ion Mihai Pacepa, formerly deputy director of the Rumanian secret intelligence service) is the highest-ranking Soviet bloc intelligence official ever to defect to the West, and the information was so important that when I first published a part of it (in *L'Express* last summer) it produced a change in the policy of the United States government. Lacking a similar firsthand account of Soviet activities in this field, Pacepa's information gives us the best documented approximation.

Your readers are told that the implication of my book is that "either . . . Soviet leaders will abandon their dream of world revolution . . . or that Mr. Ledeen is prepared for American foreign policy to lead us into war." This

continued on page 40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,671

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MAY 27, 1985

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Associate Editor
JEFFERSON MORLEY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston)
STEVE WASSERMAN
Films — STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater — ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music — EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry — ROBERT PINSKY
Economics Correspondent
ROBERT KUTTNER
Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
JOHN KEEGAN, MORTON KONDRACKE,
R.W.B. LEWIS, MARK CRISPIN MILLER,
ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
West Coast Correspondent
MICKEY KAUS
Staff Writer
CHARLES LANE
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
NANCY E. MILLER
Production Manager
PATRICIA A. HOPPER
Copy Editor
JAMIE BAYLIS
Production Associate
BRUCE STEINKE
Reporter-Researchers
DAVID A. BELL, ANTONY J. BLINKEN,
TERENCE MORAN, AMY E. SCHWARTZ

Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Circulation Manager
GENE SITTENFELD
Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Circulation Assistant
ROBIN CHERRY
Assistant to the Advertising Manager
CATHERINE SCHILLING
Advertising Representative
KEVIN LONDON
Accounting Assistant
LYNN J. CLEMENT
Back Issues and Reception
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On the fence, on the farm, on the couch, &c.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... PACK OF LIES
Forgive me, Father, for I have gaffed.

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... CAPITALIST PUNISHMENT
The white-collar crime wave continues, but E. F. Hutton runs free.

NOTEBOOK
Gorbachev's amigo, Reagan's loonies, &c.

6 **DAVID A. BELL** ..... SANCTIONS AND SANCTIMONY
Everyone flip-flops on trade boycotts.

9 **FRED BARNES** ..... SUNBELT DEMOCRAT
Meet Bruce Babbitt, governor of Arizona. Are new ideas, an address in the southwest, and an unknown face enough to run for president?

10 **CHARLES LANE** ..... SEASON OF THE MENTIONER
Who brought up Bruce Babbitt, anyway?

14 **JEFFERSON MORLEY** ..... THE OLD IDEA OF 'NEW IDEAS'
A short history of the Democratic future.

16 **CLAIRE STERLING** ..... THE GREAT BULGARIAN COVER-UP
The plot to kill the pope crumbled in an avalanche of rehearsed alibis, transparent lies, and false documents.

21 **BERNARD ARONSON** ..... ANOTHER CHOICE IN NICARAGUA
We don't have to choose between "another Vietnam" and a communist Central America.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: NAPLES SYRUP; TEXAS GRITS
A farce, *Where's Picone?*; a slight saga, *1918*.

26 **SHIVA NAIPAUL** ..... FAMILY AFFAIR
An Indian Dynasty: The Story of the Nehru-Gandhi Family by Tariq Ali

30 **NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN** ..... THE BIG SNOOZE
The Double Man
by William S. Cohen and Gary Hart

31 **DAVID THOMSON** ..... FANS AND FANTASIES
Intimate Strangers: The Culture of Celebrity
by Richard Schickel

34 **SVEN BIRKERTS** ..... DEATHS IN THE FAMILY
Past Continuous by Yaakov Shabtai

36 **DAVID HARMAN** ..... TEACHING JOHNNY TO READ
Illiterate America by Jonathan Kozol

38 **ELIOT MARSHALL** ..... SCIENTIFIC SELECTION
Solid Clues: Quantum Physics, Molecular Biology and the Future of Science by Gerald Feinberg

38 **J. D. MCCLATCHY** ..... POEM *Fiddlehead*

43 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... EQUIVALENCES

COVER by Donald Gates for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles begin on page 9.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 192, Number 21, Issue 3,671, May 27, 1985. (Printed on May 8, 1985.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 12 & 19, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1985) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $48; foreign, $73; Canada, $60. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1985 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (In N.Y. State call 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Pack Of Lies

Sometimes it seems as if the news is composed entirely of lies. Well, "lies" may be too strong a word for it, since no deception is achieved and often none is even intended. Call it artifice. It consists of people saying things because the etiquette of public discourse demands that these things be said, rather than because they are true. Thanks largely to journalists, who act as etiquette police, what passes for "news" has become so completely stylized—almost like a Japanese tea ceremony—that whole controversies come and go without an honest word being spoken on any side.

Some lies, though transparent, are serious. An example of High Policy artifice is the concept of "humanitarian" aid to the *contras* in Nicaragua. It was the American supporters of the provisional Irish Republican Army who popularized this notion of "humanitarian" aid to a guerrilla fighting force. In the Irish context, every leading American politician has denounced the distinction as phony, on the sensible grounds that supplying money for food frees up other money for guns. Now, in the Nicaraguan context, politicians of both parties are clinging to the same distinction.

President Reagan revived the concept of "humanitarian" aid last month as a way of getting $14 million for the *contras* through Congress. He failed, but the Democrats decided almost immediately that they'd better spend $14 million on *something* for fear of looking lily-livered. Apparently many congressional Democrats changed their minds when Sandinistissimo Daniel Ortega visited Moscow just a few days after the *contra* funds were voted down. So it looks as if some kind of aid package will pass after all, and it's Democrats who cling to the fiction that the money is "humanitarian." Now, though, the fiction is even more threadbare than when Reagan invented it. How could truly "humanitarian" aid be any kind of revenge on or threat to Ortega and the Sandinistas? The aid only makes sense if it helps the *contras* to fight better, which is its obvious purpose. Yet those preparing to vote for it can't bring themselves to say so.

Other lies are trivial, but nevertheless revealing. Consider, for example, the scandal of Patrick Buchanan's doodles. This was the lead item for two nights running on the TV news. Buchanan, White House director of communications, attended a meeting with Jewish leaders who had come to the White House to protest President Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery. At this meeting Buchanan was seen writing repeatedly on a note pad, "succumbing to the pressure of the Jews." The ensuing fuss broke new grounds in gaffology—defined as the study of ways to prevent public figures from saying anything true or interesting.

In its classical form, a "gaffe" consists of a politician or public official saying something everyone knows to be true but which this particular person is not supposed to say. The model gaffe of the 1980s (I understand it has been carved in granite on the walls of the Columbia School of Journalism) was David Stockman's 1981 revelation that nobody in the White House really believed you could increase government revenues by cutting taxes.

The 1984 campaign saw a refinement that might be called the "incipient gaffe." In this variant, someone is revealed to be "considering," or someone's staff has "recommended," or someone has been presented as "one option," an action that, if taken, would be a gaffe. The subject generally is taxes or Social Security. What's wonderful about the invention of the incipient gaffe is that it allows gaffobia to stifle private discussion as well as public debate.

And now we've reached the ultimate efflorescence of gaffology: the mental gaffe. If a gaffable thought so much as crosses your mind, consider yourself gaffed. From now on, you must be pure in thought, as well as word and deed.

Buchanan's note—"succumbing to the pressure of the Jews"—was taken to mean that Buchanan thought Reagan was being subjected to pressure from

continued on page 42

"Vintage Lévi-Strauss....

With an imperial command of diverse fields, he strives for generalizations about the entire human condition....Breathtaking."
—RICHARD A. SHWEDER, New York Times Book Review

"A worthy successor to his two previous volumes on structural anthropology...an authoritative summing up."
—HOWARD GARDNER, author of Art, Mind and Brain

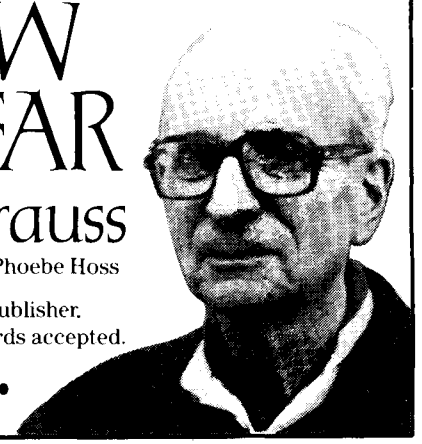
"A poignant, moving, wonderful book of wisdom."
—RENATO ROSALDO, Stanford University

"Lévi-Strauss reveals, in an analytic and graceful style, how reason applied to observation can illumine the deepest mysteries of our nature."
—JEROME KAGAN, Harvard University

THE VIEW FROM AFAR
Claude Lévi-Strauss
Translated by Joachim Neugroschel and Phoebe Hoss

$24.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030 Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 27, 1985

CAPITALIST PUNISHMENT

The newspapers are filled with headlines about corporate crime. Only weeks ago, the staid old Bank of Boston pleaded guilty to violating a federal banking law by secretly funneling $1.22 billion in suspected organized crime money to and from European banks. General Dynamics, a giant defense contractor, is being investigated by a dozen different agencies on charges that its officials routinely stuck the government with the tab for their own personal perks, and that they tried to cover up evidence that the company had overcharged Uncle Sam by hundreds of millions of dollars. Marvin Warner, an Ohio financier active in the Democratic Party, is under investigation for financial hanky-panky that led to the collapse of Home State Savings and the first bank holiday since the Depression.

Last week, E. F. Hutton joined the list of besmirched businesses, pleading guilty to 2,000 counts of wire and mail fraud. The august Wall Street house bilked some 400 banks out of eight million dollars, using a complicated scheme quite similar to the old check-kiting routine. Its regional managers wrote checks for sums larger than the branches had on deposit in their checking accounts, and then moved funds from one bank to another to "cover" the checks. In effect, Hutton was helping itself to millions in interest-free loans. According to Justice Department officials quoted in *The New York Times*, the company took advantage of its Wall Street prestige, using "almost bully tactics when any of the banks began to protest that something was amiss in a Hutton account."

Under the terms of a settlement with the Justice Department, E. F. Hutton will pay a two million dollar fine (the maximum called for by law) and $750,000 to cover the cost of the investigation, and will set up an eight million dollar fund with which to repay the banks. Attorney General Edwin Meese III boasts that "this action is part of the Justice Department's ongoing effort against economic crime, and makes it clear to the business world that so-called white-collar crime will not be tolerated."

Actually, the administration let E. F. Hutton off easy. Two million dollars may be the maximum fine, but it's peanuts for a company with annual revenues of $2.8 billion and profits of $52 million. Hutton itself calculates that it probably won't ever have to pay out the full eight million dollars in restitution.

What would really hurt would be to treat the perpetrators at E. F. Hutton the same way other con men get treated: put them in front of a jury and let them face the prospect of going to jail. Meese's Justice Department, however, declined to prosecute. It knows the names of the 25 Hutton executives who masterminded the scam, and has evidence against some of the company's senior officers. But it didn't seek indictments and convictions because, said one Justice official, that "could have taken us two to three years."

Two things are disturbing about all this. First, the conduct of American business is overlapping more and more with the conduct of American crime. According to *Business Week*, money laundering is now routine at dozens of banks around the country, which find it more profitable not to ask their customers whether all that bright green cash might have been obtained through drug transactions.

Second, and even more important, the old-fashioned notion that the law ought to treat all Americans equally, regardless of economic station, has been almost completely forgotten. Not only did the E. F. Hutton gang escape with a slap on the wrist, but the Bank of Boston only had to pay a modest $500,000 fine for its misdeeds. Nary a bank official was indicted in the case. The federal prosecutor who investigated the E. F. Hutton case said that the Hutton settlement put other financial firms on notice "that as of today, such activity is absolutely illegal." Perhaps this brave prosecutor will use this same explanation to turn loose some crook naive enough to rob a bank with a gun instead of a computer. "Mr. Dillinger, your activities are absolutely illegal. Now run along."

The case of former deputy defense secretary Paul Thayer says a lot about why we coddle white-collar criminals. Thayer, convicted of obstruction of justice in connection with an insider-trading scam, was due to be sentenced as we went to press. A Who's Who of prominent Washingtonians, including former president Gerald Ford,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Barry Goldwater, and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General John W. Vessey, assured the judge of Thayer's fine character in letters attached to a memorandum in which Thayer's attorneys begged for leniency. A friend of *theirs*, even a convicted one, couldn't possibly deserve to do time, could he? At a time when greed is celebrated as a virtue and influence-peddling as a civic duty, it is no surprise that white-collar crooks are coddled.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE CAPTAIN RENAULT AWARD for this week (remember *Casablanca*?) goes to the congressional Democrats who were shocked—shocked!—that Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega should visit Moscow and ask for aid. We have no sympathy for Ortega, but really: where else is he supposed to go for aid? It's hilarious that politicians who have put up with the Sandinistas' Sovietization of Nicaraguan society should draw the line at a photo opportunity with Gorbachev. Anyway, aren't these some of the same folks who are clamoring for President Reagan to stage the same photo opportunity as soon as possible?

□ WHAT HAPPENED to Social Security in the Senate on May 1?

Soc. Sec. hike wins first round

—*USA Today*, May 2

Social Security Plan Loses

—*The Washington Post*, May 2

SENATE BARS PLAN TO TRIM INCREASES IN SOCIAL SECURITY

—*The New York Times*, May 2

□ TWO MORE NUTS in the Reagan administration fruitcake. First came Eileen Gardner, a special assistant to Education Secretary William Bennett. She was about to be appointed assistant secretary for "educational philosophy" until someone uncovered a paper she'd written opposing programs for the handicapped on the grounds that "each of us is responsible for his life situation," because "nothing comes to an individual that he has not, at some point in his development, summoned." No sooner had Ms. Gardner been hustled offstage than her place was taken by Marianne Mele Hall, recently confirmed as chairman of the Copyright Royalty Tribunal. Hall listed herself on a Senate questionnaire as "co-author" of a book called *Foundations of Sand*, which complains that American blacks "insist on preserving their jungle freedoms," argues for segregated schools, and opposes welfare as "subsidized procreation." After the story broke, Hall demoted herself to "editor" of the book, explaining that as an editor, "you don't need to understand . . . what you are reading." Authors frequently assert that editors don't understand what they are reading, but never before have the editors of TNR heard this thesis advanced by someone claiming to be one of our own.

The mad history of 'Economic Warfare.'

SANCTIONS AND SANCTIMONY

EVERYBODY in Washington loves trade sanctions. Ronald Reagan's executive order restricting trade with Nicaragua is only the latest example of a well-established trend. In the past year, 16 bills calling for new sanctions on foreign countries have come before the House Ways and Means Committee alone (five of them devoted wholly or in part to South Africa). Existing sanctions currently limit U.S. trade with 14 countries, most of them communist. Advocates of these measures fit into no ideological framework. If a congressman doesn't support sanctions on Nicaragua, he is sure to support them on South Africa, and vice versa. Other trade restrictions, such as those we now impose on Libya, enjoy support in all quarters.

But everybody in Washington hates trade sanctions too. Not only are they "ineffective," but they "will hurt the people we say we are helping," as Democratic representative Michael Barnes says of the Nicaragua sanctions. As one might expect, the anti-trade sanction chorus becomes particularly loud when a given measure also hurts a vocal and well-organized American interest group, such as American corporations doing profitable business in South Africa.

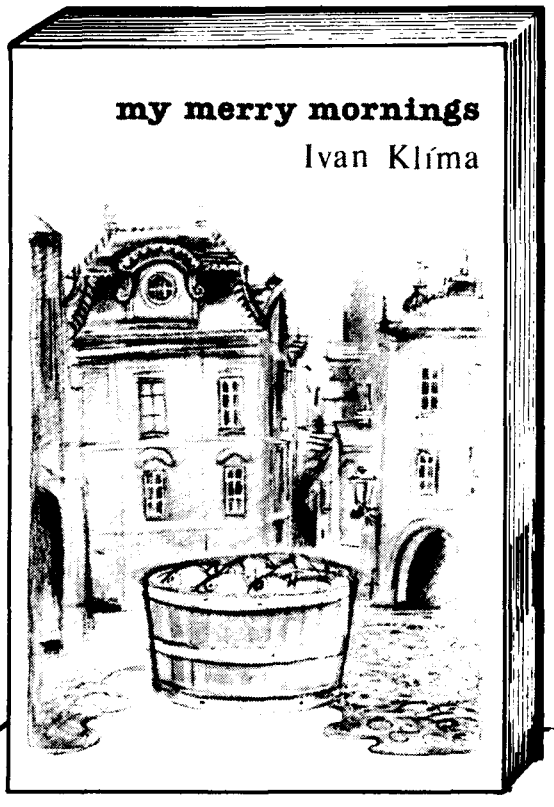
In fact, when it comes to trade sanctions, it is not love or hate, but confusion that predominates. Just five years ago, for example, President Carter imposed a partial grain embargo on the Soviet Union in retaliation for its invasion of Afghanistan. His point man was Vice President Mondale, who said that "what we've done will really sting." Mondale described the sanctions as "the patriotic route to take," and castigated presidential contender Edward Kennedy for playing the presumably unpatriotic "politics of the moment." Yet three years later, when presidential candidate Walter Mondale wished to separate himself from the Carter administration, he revealed that—surprise!—he had opposed the patriotic route all along because it was "ineffective." In January 1984, in the wheat fields of Iowa, he insisted that "as president of the United States, I'm not going to embargo the export of American goods."

Ronald Reagan came out of the grain embargo looking even worse than Mondale or Carter. In September 1979 he had maintained that "if the Russians want to buy wheat from us, I would not sell it to them." But after Carter had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross the borders of English

Readers International announces a remarkable series in contemporary world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just $7.95 *(Retail prices average $14.35).*



Your subscription begins with *My Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klíma, the brilliant new voice from inside Czechoslovakia.

It will be followed every other month by a different RI selection. Each is specially priced at **$7.95**. Readers like you have already helped launch the works below to critical acclaim as part of RI's unique publishing program:

To Bury Our Fathers by Sergio Ramírez, Nicaragua's master novelist. The London and Manchester *Guardian* calls it "a fascinating exploration of the recent Nicaraguan past". The *New York Times Book Review* urges, "Read slowly and carefully in order to appreciate and absorb all its nuances . . . Mr Ramírez is as important as the substantial literary merits of his book." (Retail price $14.95)

A Cadre School Life: Six Chapters, Yang Jiang's moving account of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, praised by the *Times Literary Supplement* as "an outstanding book, quite unlike anything else from 20th century China . . . superbly translated." "Written with elegant simplicity" – Simon Leys in *The New Republic*. (Retail price $9.95)

Forthcoming RI selections include fiction by Palestinian, Filipino and Polish writers.

In Prague's pre-dawn darkness cleaners, stokers and street vendors move about their tasks – here are yesterday's philosophers, journalists and independent spirits, intruders in today's "normalized" Czechoslovakia. Ivan Klíma, a popular young writer during the 1968 Prague Spring whose works now circulate semi-clandestinely in hand-typed "padlock editions", chronicles the absurdities and quiet corruption of Czech life in the witty stories *My Merry Mornings*, called by Josef Skvorecký "one of the lovely and significant works of fiction that fade from memory very, very slowly".

Go next to Chile: In the last days of Allende the growing political tension in Santiago fuses with the dreams and evasions of a fleabitten entertainer and the drive of a cynical young country boy to win at football and lose his virginity. *I Dreamt the Snow was Burning* is hailed by *Le Monde* as "one of the best pieces of committed literature to emerge from Latin America". Published in nearly a dozen European languages, Antonio Skármeta's important novel is at last available in English – a humane and timely portrait of an embattled people.

Direct from Soweto: *A Ride on the Whirlwind* powerfully recreates the beginnings of today's revolt in South Africa's black townships. Once banned by the censor, this novel by the noted black writer Sipho Sepamla now returns to print, here and in South Africa.

These are worlds we cannot hope to see except through literature. And now you can read such works in outstanding English translations commissioned for Readers International's non-profit publishing program.

Every other month you receive a new volume in the series, six new titles during the year. Each is an attractive hardcover edition, many with original woodcuts and illustrations, yours at the series price of $7.95 plus $1.00 for postage. (Retail prices up to $15.) If at any time you wish to cancel, simply notify RI in writing.

How does RI select the books? Instrumental in these decisions is our Advisory Board – translators, editors, and writers from around the world, including Dennis Brutus, Eduardo Galeano, Nawal al Saadawi, Edward Said, and Ariel Dorfman. And the books are further distinguished in several ways:

Each was initially banned, censored or written in exile. RI is particularly committed to conserving literature in danger.

Each is current – from the past 10 years.

And each book is new to readers here – although many have been acclaimed in European editions.

Your subscription assures you of a powerfully good read every two months. It also assures some of the world's most gifted, original writers the means of being heard in today's most powerful international language, English. Please return the coupon right away to receive your first book.

READERS INTERNATIONAL
Subscriber Service Department, PO Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI's new series, beginning with *My Merry Mornings*. Every other month I receive a new book – each at the $7.95 subscriber price, plus $1.00 for postage. At any time I may cancel my subscription simply by writing to you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

☐ My check for $8.95 payable to Readers International is enclosed.

Bill my ☐ Mastercard or ☐ VISA for $8.95

Account No. _____

Expiration Date _____ Signature _____

☐ I wish to charge each volume, as I receive them, to my credit card number above.

A SPECIAL SAVINGS: I want to save money, and save RI the cost of billing me, by paying $36.00 for a charter subscription for my first six volumes. ☐ I enclose my check for $42.00, including postage. ☐ Bill my credit card number above.

TNR2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken this advice, Reagan suddenly realized that the embargo "unfairly singled out" the American farmer. Moreover, "the Soviets did not invade Afghanistan with hogs, livestock, and chickens, so I don't see the purpose in preventing them from getting 17 million tons of grain." Later in the campaign, Reagan took another tack and declared that a total quarantine of the Soviet Union, as opposed to a simple grain embargo, "could be a very viable option." It didn't matter that such an embargo would be hardly less "unfair" to American farmers, whose grain sales accounted for nearly 80 percent of U.S.-Soviet trade in 1979.

Reagan's flip-flops on trade sanctions have continued unabated. In April 1981 he fulfilled a campaign pledge and lifted the grain embargo. But in December 1981, following the imposition of martial law in Poland, he declared another one, this time on natural gas pipeline equipment and technology. This embargo also "singled out" a group of Americans. But the producers of pipeline equipment lack the electoral clout of American farmers. Now Reagan has banned American exports to Nicaragua, which consist primarily of pesticides, fertilizers, feed, and agricultural machinery. The Nicaraguans are not repressing their own citizens and subverting their neighbors with these goods, any more than the Russians invaded Afghanistan with livestock and chickens. But apparently this is now beside the point.

THESE BURSTS of rhetorical illogic on trade sanctions do not inspire confidence. But the issue is so murky that you can be inconsistent without even changing your mind. The rationales provided by people who propose sanctions generally fall into two distinct categories. There is the "clean hands" rationale, which holds that it is morally impermissible for the U.S. to do business with a country that suppresses the civil rights of its own citizens, interferes in the affairs of other nations, indulges in torture and murder, etc. And there is the "war by other means" rationale, which contends that sanctions will force a foreign power to change its behavior without having to send in American troops. The two rationales can be complementary, but they can also frequently collide, and the result is blatant contradiction.

Take the current sanctions on Nicaragua. Donald Regan has maintained that Daniel Ortega went to Moscow last week "for further instructions. . . . Yet we continue to buy his coffee and his bananas. Why do we do that?" George Shultz has admitted that "Nicaragua has other places to sell goods. . . . It's not going to be an overpowering event." In other words, the president's men have gone with the "clean hands" approach. Yet the president called the situation in Nicaragua an American "national emergency," which his action was designed to counteract. This is the "war by other means" rationale, and is certainly an "overpowering event." So why *are* we imposing the sanctions, and what do we hope to accomplish beyond sending signals, as a succession of "administration officials" have told the newspapers, to (take your pick) Managua, the Contadora nations, Mikhail Gorbachev, and Tip O'Neill?

The "clean hands" rationale also opens the door to a whole new set of inconsistencies. Since its basis is moral, rather than political, it must be applied universally, which causes some difficulties. Shultz, when speaking of Nicaragua last week, said that "certain kinds of relationships with countries we think are doing a lot of damage are undesirable." Yet a few days later, his own assistant secretary of state for African affairs, Chester Crocker, rejected this argument when talking about South Africa, stating that trade sanctions must be imposed on a "case by case" basis. A spokeswoman for Crocker, Bea Russell, argues—in contrast to Shultz's "clean hands" approach—that sanctions on South Africa "are morally satisfying, but they do not produce the effects we want." Those who call for such sanctions, she says, "are not the ones who will be losing their jobs" as a result. Of course, no one is worrying about the loss of jobs in Nicaragua. What counts there is the termination of an "undesirable" relationship, leaving one to suppose that our relationship with the brutal apartheid regime is somehow less "undesirable."

Conservatives can also use the argument that sanctions have to be universal. When 35 Republican representatives broke ranks and called for economic action against South Africa last December, the New Right pounced on them for ignoring the Communist bloc. As a result, Representative Bob Walker made a point of saying in March that "we have a moral duty in Congress to take action not only against South Africa, but also against . . . the Soviet Union, Libya, Angola, Nicaragua, and many other countries." Walker, Newt Gingrich, and Vin Weber then went even further and proposed a cutoff in aid to any country that votes against the U.S. more than 85 percent of the time in the United Nations. This is a silly proposal that would sever our relationships with more than a few vital allies. But then, the move had little to do with American interests abroad, and a lot to do with the political interests of three representatives. Political calculations were also dominant when House Democrats, embarrassed by Daniel Ortega's flying to Moscow two days after they had defeated "*contra* aid," gave their tacit approval to economic measures against the Sandinistas.

In the end, trade sanctions almost always have more to do with partisan interests than with American national interests. Because they do not involve military force and rarely hurt many Americans, they become the reaction of last resort for every political group. Their effectiveness takes years to ascertain (people are still arguing hotly about the effects of the grain embargo), while the act of declaring them sends an immediate "signal" of "American resolve" to the country under consideration and to the American voter. So it is not surprising that politicians often seem to come up with the sanctions first, and the rationale for them second. However, when this happens the result is usually a mess of conflicting statements and intentions that doesn't send a real signal to anybody.

DAVID A. BELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

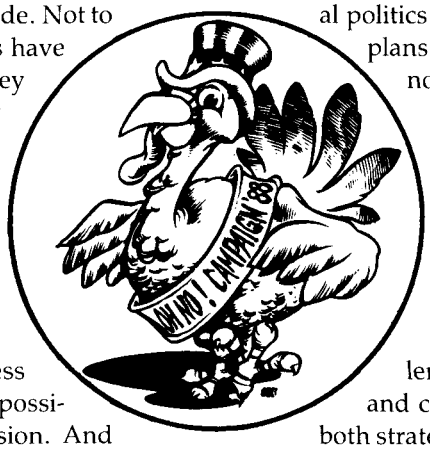
His ideas are unconventional, but he's got good geography.

SUNBELT DEMOCRAT

BY FRED BARNES

Phoenix

THE Democratic Party has a problem, and it's called the Sunbelt. You can't win the presidency without it. A majority of electoral votes (290 of 535) are now in the Sunbelt and west. But only once since 1964 have Democrats come up with a presidential candidate who ran well in the region. That was Jimmy Carter in 1976, who got a onetime boost from southern regional pride. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Democrats have no future as a national party unless they can crack the region. And, oh, how they would like to find the presidential candidate who could manage just that.



Enter Governor Bruce Babbitt of Arizona. By normal reckoning, he wouldn't have a snowball's chance of winning the Democratic nomination in 1988. He comes from a small state with few (seven) electoral votes. He's got less charisma than Walter Mondale, if that's possible, and he's a pale presence on television. And he's out of sync with the ideological mainstream of his party; liberal constituency groups loathe him.

So what's Babbitt got? Sunbelt appeal, nothing more, nothing less. This consists, in the view of Texas pollster George Shipley, of being "half-Republican." Babbitt is. He fits the model—the Democratic model, that is—for Sunbelt success to a tee. Babbitt has a business orientation, he's independent from traditional Democratic pressure groups like the AFL-CIO, he's not a noisy advocate of social causes such as homosexual rights, and he talks reasonably tough on defense and national security issues. Oh yes, he's suitably liberal on litmus test issues such as civil rights, abortion, and women's rights.

Not so you'd notice, though. For now, Babbitt is cavorting in the orgy of self-criticism that has engulfed the Democratic Party since last November's election. Better-known Democrats than Babbitt have joined the party-bashing, but not a one has topped his speech to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. In a half-hour, Babbitt managed to irritate nearly every Democratic constituency. He ridiculed organized labor's political agenda. He antagonized the National Education Association. He attacked the leadership of House Speaker Tip O'Neill. He trashed the idea of industrial policy, an economic panacea to some Democrats. He said the national party is "a millstone around the neck of any state and local candidate" and added that fresh ideas are barred from the Democratic "cathedral of orthodoxy." Then he praised the Reagan administration's initial plan for tax reform, calling it "a superb proposal."

Not a great way to ingratiate yourself with the party, huh? Yet that's precisely what Babbitt had in mind. Months ago, Babbitt decided to thrust himself into national politics. Unless major impediments crop up, he plans to run for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1988. How does an obscure governor from a state off the media's beaten path go about this? One tested method is to create as much friction as possible with the party's ruling class. Jimmy Carter did this by playing the outsider, stressing that he wasn't part of the Washington crowd. Gary Hart grabbed headlines as a dissenter, challenging a few liberal platitudes of the party and calling for new ideas. Babbitt is blending both strategies. Like Carter, he attacks Washington for doing too many things that should be handled by state and local government. And like Hart, he insists that the pooh-bahs of the party establishment are intellectually sterile. They've got no pull in the Sunbelt. He should know; he's Mr. Sunbelt.

True, lots of Democrats like to zing Washington and the party hierarchy these days. It's politically fashionable. What distinguishes Babbitt is that he does it in spades, and he does it with specifics, controversial specifics. Cut the deficit? Babbitt doesn't shilly-shally. He says every program or benefit, from Social Security to farm price supports to the tax break for home mortgages, should be "means tested" to make sure that government aid goes to the needy and not the well-heeled. Improve education? Babbitt says the federal government should pull out of the education business and leave public schooling to state and local types. Nicaragua? Babbitt subscribes to what he calls "the heavy metal theory." If the Sandinistas start loading up with enough heavy arms to become a Soviet base, the United States shouldn't balk at using military force to thwart them.

Babbitt's strategists pump him up as the heir to Hart in 1988, the new nonconformist from the Sunbelt. But Hart lost, right? Ah, they say, where Babbitt differs from Hart is that his ideas are bigger. When Hart was asked about his "new ideas," he invariably started with a proposal for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Season Of The Mentioner

FROM HIS perch in a small office on the top floor of a glass and steel office tower somewhere between Capitol Hill and the banks of the Potomac, The Great Mentioner surveys the nation, scanning the current crop of promising young politicians in search of the lucky few who deserve to be Mentioned as possible presidential contenders in 1988 and, believe it or not, 1992. *New York Times* columnist Russell Baker first discovered the Great Mentioner, who has never been seen in public or interviewed for the record, back in 1963. But since then, the G.M.'s only contact with the media has come in clandestine phone calls to members of a select group within the Washington press corps—including columnists like Jack Germond and Jules Witcover, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, and David Broder of *The Washington Post*—who dutifully report his early-season predictions. Three years before the last election, for example, *Post* reporters James R. Dickenson and Broder made reference to "John Y. Brown [then governor of Kentucky], whom the Great Political Mentioner includes as a possible presidential contender in 1984."

The G.M.'s work is especially critical to the nation's future right now. Getting Mentioned lends that elusive yet essential quality—credibility—to a fledgling campaign. It often means further press coverage and even early commitments from financial backers. Indeed, the contest to catch the eye of the Great Mentioner is, in many ways, the first "primary" of the 1988 campaign—and it's already under way.

Why do some people get Mentioned and others do not? The Mentioner himself, of course, could not be reached for comment. But those who know him best, Washington's political consultants, columnists, and other insiders, supplied clues about how the G.M.'s mind works.

The Automatics. Kennedys and incumbent vice presidents are automatically mentioned. So is anyone who ran last time and lost without making himself appear ridiculous—Gary Hart, but not Reubin Askew. Governors from big states like New York, California, Illinois, and Texas almost always get Mentioned, mainly because those states contain the country's largest media markets. According to Chris Matthews, House Speaker Tip O'Neill's administrative assistant, Ohioans are also automatics, simply because somewhere along the line the G.M. noticed that the state supplies big-name politicians for both parties. "How else do you explain the glory of John Gilligan [a former Ohio governor who was Greatly Mentioned in the 1970s, but never ran]?" asks Matthews. "He was a stiff."

Grooming Counts. Wherever possible, the Great Mentioner prefers to mention heroes. Astronauts, former athletes, and veterans are practically shoo-ins. Otherwise, it's usually enough to be young and handsome. "You have to comport yourself in a certain way that's not flaky," says one political reporter. "That means appearing at all the right parties, making solid, non-flamboyant speeches." Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado used to get Mentioned, but then he made a speech about letting elderly people die for the good of society. It also helps to come from a famous political family; the Great Mentioner is gaga over Senators Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia and Al Gore of Tennessee. Still, the Mentioner has been growing more tolerant of would-be candidates who don't have classic pedigrees. Those close to the Mentioner say this is why Lee Iacocca, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Elizabeth Dole are being Mentioned. But, they add, the G.M. is probably just experimenting, and will revert to his traditional preferences when the campaign gets serious.

Go Against the Grain. The G.M. loves it when a politician defies the "conventional wisdom" by proposing policies that challenge his party's accepted canon, or by attacking one of its loyal constituencies. Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, who has taken on both non-means-tested entitlements and labor unions, has scored big in these departments. The Great Mentioner favors pols like Babbitt and Governor Chuck Robb of Virginia, who have gotten elected in states where the other party is traditionally dominant. He believes that this demonstrates a certain moderate ideology that gives a candidate national appeal. And ever since Jimmy Carter surprised him in 1976, The Great Mentioner has been big on "outsiders." Sidney Blumenthal, formerly TNR's national political correspondent and now a reporter with *The Washington Post*, says that "the first qualification for being Mentioned is that your name prompts the question, 'Who's he?' "

The Importance of Timing. The Great Mentioner looks for "good calendar." He admires the tidy logic of politicians who arrange their careers in such a way that they leave a lower office at precisely the moment that a higher one is opening up. One Democratic media consultant cited Governor Bob Graham of Florida as an example of someone with "good calendar." "His timing is perfect,"

"individual training accounts," which would allow workers to save money for retraining tax-free. New, sure, but hardly a notion to shake the foundations of government. Means testing is a Krakatoa among political ideas.

Babbitt's folks also note that their man is not, er, weird like Hart. No name change, no confusion over his age (Babbitt's 46), no altered signature, no enigmatic personality, and so on. Babbitt, whose family runs a financial empire in northern Arizona, is a Roman Catholic who's never separated from his wife and talks incessantly about spending more time with his two sons, ages eight and ten. He skis, camps, and rafts the Grand Canyon. Sandy-haired and lanky, he resembles actor Donald Sutherland, but only in appearance. Insouciant or rakishly charming Babbitt is not. Fred DuVal, a Phoenix advertising executive and Babbitt strategist, calls him "Gary Hart with passion." Come on. Babbitt has all the passion of a trained geologist, which he is. He has made one bow to political vanity, though. A few months back, he gave up his silver-framed glasses and got contact lenses.

You've got to give Babbitt credit for boldness. Paul Kirk, the Democratic chairman, suggested that means testing of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says the consultant. "If he wins his race against Paula Hawkins for Senate in '86, he can serve six years, and then be coming right up in '92."

Of course, even those who already possess qualities such as these can't afford to sit idly by and wait to be Mentioned. There are at least three tried-and-true methods of catching the Mentioner's eye.

Come Up with a New Idea. Making a lot of noise about a major national issue is a good way to start. Mario Cuomo's Notre Dame speech on religion and politics set the Mentioner on his ear. The G.M. also likes tax bills. Both Senator Bill Bradley and Representative Richard Gephardt have parlayed their "Fair Tax" into heavy Mentioning. Jack Kemp first burst onto the Mentioning scene with his Kemp-Roth Tax cut, and has been keeping the pressure on with his own FAST tax reform plan. It doesn't matter if your idea actually becomes law. In fact, failure may be preferable, because, as Kemp's experience shows, if your new idea becomes national policy you have to come up with another one.

Break Up the Monotony. "You have to find out where the mentioners gather, and do something in that place," says political consultant Bob Squier, apparently confusing the G.M. himself with his associates in the press corps. "Things like the National Governors Conference, or a convention convened for the nomination of a candidate everyone knows is going to lose, are boring, awful events that the mentioners have to cover, so they're a great place to do something impressive." The G.M. was very impressed by Mario Cuomo's keynote address at last year's Democratic Convention; he went crazy over Bruce Babbitt's address at the last meeting of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. There is some overlap here with the "against the grain" imperative. Americans for Democratic Action meetings, for example, are a good place for liberals to denounce the failings of the "old" liberalism. Paul Tsongas, now retired from politics, parlayed an against-the-grain ADA speech into a brief flurry of Mentioning back in 1980.

Creative Schmoozing. Probably the oldest trick in the book is simply to plant your name. It's bad form to call up the Mentioner and ask to be Mentioned, but it's acceptable to call up one of his press associates and offer to buy dinner. "Anyone who sits down with a columnist and can comment on his column is an 'insightful' guy," says *Post* columnist Mark Shields. "And if he does it in a way that doesn't look rehearsed, then he certainly must know his way around New Hampshire."

Those who do get Mentioned usually fulfill some combination of all these conditions. No single condition is either necessary or sufficient. Hence Babbitt gets Mentioned because he's an outsider who schmoozes well, but also because he's gone against the grain and has good calendar. Massachusetts governor Michael Dukakis is also an able official, and his calendar is decent enough, but he's almost Unmentionable—as a Democrat from a heavily Democratic state, he just doesn't go against the grain.

Oddly enough, the Great Mentioner has rarely managed to predict the actual winners of nominations. The history of presidential politics is littered with the names of candidates who were Mentioned but either never ran or lost badly: Mark Hatfield, William Milliken, Jim Thompson, Harold Hughes, William Scranton. In 1972 the G.M. bet on Ed Muskie, but George McGovern won. In 1976 the Mentioner never saw Jimmy Carter until Carter won the Iowa caucus. In 1980 the Great Mentioner was very high on George Bush and Howard Baker, but Ronald Reagan whipped them easily.

A big reason that the Mentioner's enthusiasm is so often misplaced is that potential candidates don't have to show him any evidence of popular support. The Mentioner's choices "have nothing to do with" what voters might actually think, says David Broder, who is so intimate with the G.M. that the two are often mistaken for the same person. Indeed, some say the Mentioner has lost touch with the American people. "He's been hurt because he spends a lot more time on the Eastern shuttle than he does on the Indiana turnpike," says Shields. Many of the same qualities that help in getting Mentioned may actually hurt in getting nominated. If you're a Democrat, being ideologically moderate may get you elected governor of a Republican state, but it doesn't do much good in a primary race heavily influenced by teachers' unions.

Yet the Great Mentioner's forecasts continue to find their way into print, and to be taken seriously. As long as politicians see an advantage in being Mentioned, they will clamor for the G.M.'s attention. And as long as columnists have to file twice a week, they will always be in the market for the Great Mentioner's words of wisdom. "One of the easiest things you can do when looking for a column is to concoct a presidential candidate," says one columnist who prefers not to be named. "If it doesn't happen, no one remembers, and if it does, you said it first."

CHARLES LANE

Social Security should be considered—just considered now, not necessarily adopted—and he was bludgeoned into silence by Democratic leaders in Congress. The Senate voted overwhelmingly against trimming the cost-of-living increase for Social Security beneficiaries. Yet Babbitt is pushing a far more radical proposal. And it's not as if he'd rather be right than president; he's under the impression he can be both.

Babbitt came upon the idea of means testing as governor in the late 1970s. He had actually been angling to run for the Senate in 1980, but that scenario was short-circuited when he suddenly became governor in 1978 upon the incumbent's death. As attorney general, he was next in succession. This led him to change plans and seek election as governor that fall. He won. And he began looking into Medicare coverage, and found, "to my utter amazement, [that] Medicare has enormous coverage gaps. The popular perception is we solved the problem of the elderly with Medicare." But there was no catastrophic coverage, nothing for long-term care, zilch for prescription drugs. "I became an advocate for more coverage for Medicare," Babbitt says. "People said to me, 'That's interesting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where are you going to get the money?' " Babbitt's answer: tax Social Security benefits. This would amount to a partial means test, since it would not affect people whose only income is Social Security and would bite harder as you move up the income scale.

By 1980 he was pushing this suggestion nationally, even though the House of Representatives had rejected the idea the year before by a vote of 396 to zero. "Once you go that far, you're out in the open," Babbitt says. "You're driven to the ultimate conclusion."

Which is: apply a means test to everything, what Babbitt now calls a "universal means test." Benefits simply must be related "more closely to need," he told South Carolina Democrats last April, in order to widen coverage and cope with the deficit. "Many government benefits, whether farm price supports, mortgage interest deductions, even Social Security and Medicare, are available without regard to economic need. Is it unreasonable to suggest that W. R. Grace, the Mellons, the Hunts, and other members of the Forbes 400 do not need exactly the same Medicare entitlement as a widow living in a cold water flat? Is it unreasonable to suggest that Tenneco and other agribusinesses do not need the same price support assistance as a struggling family farmer in Iowa?" Hardly.

A HOST of different means tests could be used, depending on the program, Babbitt says. For farmers, subsidies and price supports would go only to those making less than, say, $50,000 a year. "Nobody else would get any farm subsidies, [and] it'd knock ten or 15 billion dollars out of that program tomorrow." Regarding Medicare, Babbitt would raise the deductible for higher-income people, so that they would have to pay more of their own money for hospital bills before the government took over. In the same spirit, Babbitt would deny the home mortgage interest deduction to people over a certain income level. Babbitt even would apply means testing to business. He favors a progressive corporate tax rate "with a very big exemption at the bottom," perhaps as much as $500,000. This would promote small businesses, he says, which are the ones that create most of the new jobs in the country anyway.

With some social programs Babbitt wouldn't even bother with means testing. He would just toss out the marginal programs in order to protect and expand the ones that really help the needy. "We must recognize that not all programs are equal," he said in South Carolina. "Some are a lot more important than others." Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Supplemental Security Income—all should be zealously protected. "If necessary, we can do without programs like revenue sharing, UDAG grants, and other slush funds for mayors and governors."

It's not clear how thoroughly Babbitt has thought through some of his schemes. Take farm subsidies, for example. Most current subsidies take the form of artificial price supports. A price support program cannot be run for the benefit of only some producers. If large agribusiness operations are dropped from the program and are free to undercut the support price, there will be no market at all for small farmers' products. Babbitt's other means tests raise similar technical questions.

But the technical questions are dwarfed by the political ones. To many Democrats, Babbitt's talk is ideological heresy and politically stupid. The chief liberal concern about means testing is that it would turn entitlement programs for everybody into welfare programs for the poor. Without a middle-class constituency, it is feared, these programs would lose their political support, leaving the poor worse off. Babbitt has no good answer to this concern except to question whether the scenario would actually come to pass.

As a purely political matter, making a big cause of means testing government entitlements seems like a good way to alienate middle-class Democrats, thereby hastening the dawn of Republican realignment. But Democrats will have a check on this: Babbitt himself. If means testing drives away the middle class, then he'll go nowhere as a presidential candidate and the idea will die.

Not as audacious and far more promising politically is Babbitt's plan to sort out federal and state-local government functions. Still, some Democratic constituencies would be teed off. "In the past the federal-state relation was likened to a layer cake, each level having discrete functions," he declared at the University of Wisconsin last fall. "Today the system is likened to a marble cake in which all functions are intermixed, and no subject is too trivial for a federal program or a federal grant." Babbitt's notion is to turn over all entitlement programs to the feds. State and local governments, in turn, would accept the responsibility for education and transportation. "The challenge for the federal government is to do the things that really matter on a national perspective and to allow states and localities to sink or swim on their own," he says.

Education, Babbitt points out, "is a uniquely local function." True, but try arguing that with the National Education Association, a powerful force in the Democratic Party. "The case for having federal involvement in transportation is very weak," he says. "The interstate [highway] system is nearly completed." Mass transit? "It's a local function," Babbitt insists. "If you want it, fine." But you would have to pay for it yourself. Try persuading Mayor Koch of this when he asks for continued federal subsidization of the New York subway.

FOREIGN POLICY is not yet a major part of Bruce Babbitt's routine. Yet he has inched toward the hawkish Henry Jackson wing of the party without calling himself a Jackson Democrat. "I'm a little reluctant to step up to that label," he says. But he does call himself a "liberal internationalist," which is code for the same thing.

After conferring several times with Babbitt, Jackson Democrat Ben Wattenberg said he was impressed that despite Babbitt's obsession with reducing the deficit, "he doesn't say the answer is [cutting] defense spending."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many of these people must report to you before you can call yourself a Washington insider?

Just one. Noel Epstein, editor of the National Weekly Edition of The Washington Post . . . the weekly journal of politics, economics and government that is turning people all over the country into Washington insiders.

The Washington Post Weekly offers the best of The Post's reporting, analysis and opinions on politics, diplomacy, government and economics . . . the same coverage that informs this nation's leaders. The National Weekly Edition is your best source for in-depth Washington coverage.

Now you can get this important newsweekly for just $39 a year. To order, complete and mail the coupon at right to National Weekly Edition, PO Box 925, Farmingdale, NY, 11737.

National Weekly editor Noel Epstein is pictured at bottom right above.

The Washington Post

NATIONAL WEEKLY EDITION

Start my subscription to The Washington Post National Weekly Edition for $39.00 for 52 issues.

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

My Name _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of the first issue.
Mail to: National Weekly Edition, P.O. Box 925, Farmingdale, New York 11737

75T005

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD IDEA OF 'NEW IDEAS'

THE CASE for "new ideas" has been made best by a well-known Democratic commentator with strong liberal credentials. "Once the New Deal reforms had become so much a part of the landscape that even the Republicans would be hard put to dislodge them, it was increasingly difficult to conceive of them as live political issues," he noted after the Republican landslide. "Yet the liberal leaders realized this all too rarely and consequently expended their energy summoning the American people to ancient crusades." The Democrats have overlooked crucial changes in the electorate. "The Democratic party cannot hope to win again until it solves . . . the problem of the younger voter." This can't be done merely "by reaffirming the programs or reiterating the issues which were vital in the 1930s." No surprise that younger voters went Republican. They "turned to the party which held out glittering possibilities of tax reduction and the abolition of government controls; new wealth and new business opportunities."

What seems like astute analysis of the Democratic debacle of 1984 in fact appeared in *The Reporter* two months after the Democratic debacle of 1952. The author was Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who is now dismissed as a quaint artifact of the old and discredited liberalism. In fact, Schlesinger can claim to be the grandfather of "new ideas." Gives one pause, doesn't it?

Schlesinger was the first to identify the problem that has afflicted the Democrats ever since: how to follow up on the New Deal. Part of the problem is the Democrats' view of their own history (as written, not coincidentally, by Schlesinger in his three-volume series *The Age of Roosevelt*). It is a historical commonplace that FDR laid the foundations of the American welfare state in an experimental and ad hoc fashion. Improvisation, as much as progressivism, is the ideology Democrats inherited from FDR. They have been improvising ever since, with less and less success. One of the favorite ways of improvising is to call for "new ideas."

Schlesinger was a leader in the first vogue of new ideas in the mid-1950s. A popular Republican incumbent, general if uneven prosperity, and successful demonstrations of American might abroad had put Democrats on the defensive. Schlesinger's solution was "qualitative liberalism." The issues of "quantitative liberalism"—jobs, feeding the poor, caring for the elderly—had been settled by the New Deal. It was time to get on to "the revitalization of our community life (better planning of cities and suburbs, slum clearance, decent housing) . . . the assurance of equal rights for minorities, . . . the prosecution of our weapons effort." By this last, Schlesinger meant revving up the arms race, which was a Democratic cause in the slothful Eisenhower years.

John F. Kennedy picked up on the "new ideas" impulse in his campaign for president in 1960. As a centrist senator of modest accomplishments, Kennedy brought the Democratic coalition together by borrowing the "qualitative liberalism" notion. Just as Schlesinger drained FDR's liberalism of its "quantitative" issues, Kennedy drained Schlesinger's of its "qualitative" ones. He accentuated his "newness" and left his ideas heroically vague. The past was settled; destiny beckoned. "Let us go forward," he proclaimed.

Kennedy's presidency brought about the second vogue of "new ideas." Again it proved useful in fending off the old ideas of more ideological opponents both to Kennedy's left (the civil rights movement) and the right (the business community). In 1962 Kennedy delivered a commencement address at

Babbitt says aid to the *contras* is "futile and wrongheaded." But he contends, "I do believe that our national interest is at stake in Central America. I do believe with the administration and at least some Democrats that in Nicaragua we have to draw the line at the heavy metal . . . We cannot tolerate a repeat of what happened in Cuba. It can't be a staging area for the Soviets."

If Babbitt is not a full-grown hawk, he is at least eclectic enough to avoid the isolationist or wimp label that was so harmful to Walter Mondale and Gary Hart last year. Babbitt favored deployment of Pershing missiles in Europe, but he is dubious of the Star Wars missile defense system relished by President Reagan. He backed the invasion of Grenada, but he is not rethinking his opposition to American intervention in the Vietnam War. "That was a big mistake," he says.

Babbitt is going to be getting a lot of ink from now on. He's head of the National Governors Association, which gives him a platform. He is also cochairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, a rump group of party moderates tagged "the white male caucus" by its detractors. And Babbitt says he intends to take part fully in the "dialogue" over the future of the party. That's another way of saying he will be testing the waters for a presidential race.

Big deal. Is there any reason to expect Babbitt to be more than a flash in the pan nationally, like other Sunbelt and Western governors: Jerry Brown, Richard Lamm, Mark White? Not really. His ideology might appeal to some, but they may not be Democrats. When he ran for reelection as governor in 1982, he was strongly endorsed by the *Arizona Republic*, the pro-Republican paper in Phoenix. He's been successful in Arizona by attracting GOP voters, but that knack won't help him in Democratic presidential primaries. He's also proved to be an effective fund-raiser in Arizona, partly because he has close ties to the business community. But funding a national race is something else again.

Besides, there is a suspicion in Arizona that Babbitt's string may already be up. He has never beaten a strong opponent. In 1978 he barely beat a weak Republican, a car dealer. In 1982 he won reelection handily. More recently Babbitt figured as the likely Democratic candidate for Barry Goldwater's Senate seat (Goldwater is retiring), but he recently backed off. He says the time wasn't right, and he wants to give more attention to his children. Maybe so, but he is also ducking a fight with John McCain, the enor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yale that could have been given last week (and probably was, by someone). "We cannot understand and attack our contemporary problems if we are bound by traditional labels and the slogans of an earlier era. The unfortunate fact of the matter is that our rhetoric has not kept pace with the speed of social and economic change. Our political debates . . . too often bear little or no relation to the actual problems the United States faces."

We are now in the third vogue of "new ideas." It began in the late 1970s as the established domestic and international postwar order began to crumble. Jimmy Carter—who also prided himself on not being bound by traditional labels—tried to improvise, lost his bearings, and was unable to mask his failures. This left Democrats vulnerable to ideological attack from the right. Time again for "new ideas."

"We still believe in liberty and justice and a fair chance for all, but . . . in our search for solutions that work, we have come to mistrust all automatic responses, liberal or conservative," wrote Charles Peters, the editor of *The Washington Monthly*. In 1980 Massachusetts senator Paul Tsongas wrote a book about eight major issues, saying that Americans were "addressing these realities with dogma—a dogma that provides the illusion of response while time slips away." The book was called *The Road from Here*; the title of Schlesinger's 1953 article was "Which Road for the Democrats?"

Even Walter Mondale, searching for ways to widen his political options, got around to echoing the echo. "I've sought out individuals associated with new ideas in economic and social policy," he boasted in a 1982 piece for *The New York Times Magazine*. "In an era of heightened and proper concern about efficiency and economy in government, we must search for better ways to achieve these objectives without abandoning the values of fairness and compassion."

As an admirer put it, "The defeated candidate . . . from the start . . . felt that the orthodox liberal dogmas had lost their force, that the battle cries of yesteryear were . . . tired clichés." Trouble is, this is the relic Schlesinger speaking again, and he is describing not Walter Mondale but Adlai Stevenson.

And in March Ted Kennedy weighed in with a speech at Hofstra University that borrowed so many clichés from the "new ideas" catalog it was almost a parody: "Our truest tradition is change. . . . The answer is not simply more dollars and more spending . . . issues cannot be decided by labels . . . new approaches . . . changing realities . . . a broader vision. . . ." And so on.

Historically, while Democratic political leaders have been playing the "new ideas" game, the real new ideas that ultimately become associated with the Democrats have originated in popular movements outside the party: the union movement, the civil rights movement, the antiwar movement, feminism, and environmentalism. This is where tomorrow's new ideas for economic populism, anti-interventionism, and personal liberty are likely to come from as well.

Thus for Democrats to suppose that there is some irreconcilable conflict between their "enduring principles" and their "new ideas" is to ignore the Democratic record of the last five decades. "New ideas" may not add up to a principle but it is perhaps the most enduring tactic of Democratic presidential candidates—especially if those ideas are politically evasive, ideologically incoherent, and rhetorically appealing. Improvisation is the way Democrats have always gotten elected, and it is the way they have governed, for better and for worse, once they got there.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

mously popular Republican congressman who has all but locked up the Republican Senate nomination. Babbitt won't run for governor again, either. If he did, he would face a stiff challenge in the primary from wealthy businessman Bill Shultz, who narrowly lost to Goldwater in the 1980 Senate race.

Columnist Tom Fitzpatrick of the *Arizona Republic* overstated it when he said a presidential race is "Bruce Babbitt's escape plan. Babbitt must get off the Arizona political stage before someone publicly kicks him in the rear end and demonstrates to the heavy political thinkers back East just what he has become. To put it succinctly, if a trifle crudely, Bruce Babbitt is political dead meat in Arizona." He's not quite that bad off, but Babbitt is far from being a hero to the local press corps. Reporters resent, among other things, Babbitt's aloof treatment of them as he courts national political correspondents.

The most damaging impression about Babbitt, for all his Sunbelt attributes—tall, deliberate, moderate—is that he's another version of Jimmy Carter. He's smart, well-educated (Notre Dame and the University of Newcastle in England), a lawyer (Harvard), and the author of several books. One Democrat who has worked with both men says Babbitt "reminds me of Carter in a lot of ways. The negative ways are he's kind of sanctimonious, he acts as if he's the only person in politics for the right reasons. And at this point, he has an unhealthy tendency to take on controversial issues and come down on the wrong side. But he's like Carter in some good ways, too. He's fresh and hasn't been beaten down. He comes with that outside-Washington perspective, which is always appealing."

Babbitt has few supporters and lots of foes. Organized labor dislikes him for his opposition to protectionism and his decision in 1983 to send the National Guard to protect scab workers at a copper mine struck by the United Steelworkers union. The strikers called him "Governor Scabbitt." Other Democratic constituencies abhor his plans for peeling back federal programs. The National Education Association is critical of his proposal to dry up the federal money for schools. But come to think of it, with enemies like this, Babbitt may not need many friends. It's eerie, says Richard Murphy, the political director of the Service Employees International Union. "If Babbitt runs, he'll be looked on [by labor] just as Carter was the first time he ran. And remember—Carter won." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Betrayals, false alibis, and bungling by the pope's would-be assassins.

THE GREAT BULGARIAN COVER-UP

BY CLAIRE STERLING

ON MAY 27 three Bulgarians and four Turks will stand trial in the Italian Court of Assizes for conspiring to assassinate Pope John Paul II on May 13, 1981. In the tortuous confession of Mehmet Ali Agca, the convicted gunman in the case, one thing became clear. This painstakingly conceived plot (aimed ultimately at bringing down the Solidarity movement in Poland, and including at one point the murder of Lech Walesa) came undone by the cowardice, stupidity, and mutual betrayals of the accomplices—an assortment of Bulgarian Embassy and secret service personnel; Turkish drug- and gun-runners, professional assassins, Gray Wolves, and Mafia men. In each man's attempt to save himself, he brought further evidence against his comrades. The result was a farcical cover-up attempt scrupulously unveiled by Judge Ilario Martella.

All of the accused lied stoutly to the judge, as did Agca. But the others' testimony fell to pieces under severe magisterial scrutiny; the core of Mehmet Ali Agca's confession held up—despite numerous inconsistencies and even several retractions along the way. Prying the truth out of Agca, imprisoned for life at 23, proved to be an arduous and disconcerting task. To break out of jail by force, he needed the assistance of his Turkish and Bulgarian accomplices. To walk out a free man, he had to betray them: tell everything he knew and hope to win a presidential pardon. He gambled on the pardon, but could not bring himself fully to renounce the other course.

Agca was arrested on May 13, 1981. He held out for a year before naming his Turkish accomplices, and another six months before identifying the Bulgarians, in the conviction that rescue was on the way. During that time, he misled his Italian interrogators, mixing, he said, "some facts with a lot of lies . . . to prevent them from getting near the truth." He later explained that he was keeping a promise made to his friend and fellow gunman Oral Celik, and to the Bulgarians in Rome. In return, "They assured me that they would arrange my escape if I was arrested, by buying off my prison guards, or kidnapping a hostage for exchange."

As the months went by with no sign of deliverance, Agca saw that those he counted on for help were not omnipotent. By the time of the pope's pardon at Christmas 1983, Agca had taken back some of his lies, and he began to supply new details about the assassination plot. Through the Turkish Mafia boss Bekir Celenk—bound to the Bulgarian secret services after running his arms and drug traffic out of Sofia for 20-odd years—the Bulgarian services hired Agca and Celik to be the hit men. Judge Martella described Agca, who had moved in right-wing Gray Wolves circles since high school, as a "terrorist without ideology," and an "exceptionally gifted killer used for exceptional assignments and paid accordingly." He was to be paid one million deutsche marks (roughly $400,000) for killing the pope.

Elaborate liaisons were set up between the Bulgarians and Turks, with the Gray Wolves providing safe houses, protective cover, storage of weapons, and petty cash outlays as needed. In July 1980 in Sofia, the plan to kill the pope was roughed out in meetings between Agca, Celenk, Celik, and the treasurer of the Bulgarian Embassy, Todor Aivasov (alias Sotir Kolev). It was perfected later in Zurich and Rome. For the next nine months, Agca set up working contacts across the continent, carefully covering up his movements as he went. It was at the moment of the shooting and in the arrangements for safe flight afterward that the plan broke down.

The assignments were clearly set up in advance. The Gray Wolves leader Omer Bagci would deliver the gun. Agca and Celik would do the shooting. The Bulgarians Aivasov and Zhelyo Vasilev (alias Sotir Petrov) would hire the car (to be driven by Sergei Antonov—alias Bayramic—the deputy director of Balkan Air) and would procure panic bombs with which Celik would distract the crowd for the getaway. At a dinner when these arrangements were discussed, Vasilev first mentioned a detail with damning implications for Bulgaria. He said that a TIR truck (Transport International Routier—a vehicle used to shuttle cargo across borders of European countries without customs clearance) carrying diplomats' household goods would be ready to whisk Agca and Celik out of Italy after the shooting.

On May 13, 1981, Agca and Celik took up their positions at the Vatican in a large crowd gathered for the pope's weekly public audience. Agca was to fire five shots, after which Celik—who could then fire if necessary—would explode the panic bomb. But Agca managed to fire only twice before somebody shoved his shooting arm. Only one of the bullets struck the pope. Celik then fired a third shot, hitting the pope again. But instead of setting off the panic bomb, he simply ran away. ABC's Lowell Newton, a

---

Claire Sterling is the author of *The Time of the Assassins* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). This article contains previously unpublished material from the book's new edition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few yards off, snapped his famous photograph of Celik fleeing the scene. Celik escaped and has not been heard from since.

On November 8, 1982, Agca identified his three Bulgarian accomplices from mug shots, and told the judge that they promised to get him out of St. Peter's Square by car, and out of Italy in a TIR truck carrying diplomats' furnishings. The Italian police found striking evidence to that effect. Less than two hours after the pope was shot, a Bulgarian TIR truck left the Bulgarian Embassy in Rome for the Yugoslav frontier and Sofia. The embassy had urgently requested the TIR's free passage across Italian borders, with customs clearance on the embassy grounds—a rare and expensive procedure. The state prosecutor, Antonio Albano, concluded that hidden among the books, crockery, and personal effects listed on the truck's manifest that day was Oral Celik.

Agca proved to be extraordinarily precise in his descriptions of his accomplices and the places and times of meetings. All those he named as collaborators turned out to have been where he said they were at the crucial times between July 1980 and May 1981.

Sergei Antonov was in Rome in November and December 1980, and January, April, and May 1981. He spent the New Year in Sofia, but was back in Italy by January 5, in time for two meetings Agca spoke of that took place around January 15, in which Agca, the three Bulgarians, and a fourth Bulgarian agent discussed a subplot, later abandoned, to kill Lech Walesa while he had his audience with the pope in Rome. Todor Aivasov was in Sofia from July 21 to August 29, 1980—the dates Agca said he met with him (though Agca knew him under his alias, "Kolev")—and in Rome for all the relevant months thereafter. Zhelyo Vasilev was also in Rome throughout those months (though he had been commuting between Rome and Sofia until early August 1980).

Among the Turkish plotters, Musa Serdar Celebi was in Milan to meet Agca in December 1980, and in Zurich on March 31, 1981, when he was seen with Agca at the Sheraton Hotel. Bekir Celenk was at the Hotel Vitosha in Sofia in 1980 on July 11-12 and July 24-August 1, as Agca had said. He was also at the Hotel Piraeus Park in Athens during the first days of May 1981, when Agca claimed to have phoned him there. Omer Mersan stayed in room 911 of the Hotel Vitosha on July 4-5, 1980, when Agca said he'd first met him there, and again from July 22 to August 10.

DRAWING BY TAYLOR JONES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Bulgarians attempted to nail Agca as an incorrigible liar, insisting that he was part of an imperial plot against Eastern Europe, and that he had been visited in prison by the CIA or the Italian security services, or both. But their own lies quickly became evident. The Bulgarian magistrates gave Judge Martella several documents purportedly demonstrating that Agca could not have met Mersan in Sofia on July 4 and 5. One was a list compiled by Bulgarian frontier police of Mersan's numerous border crossings throughout 1980. It showed him leaving Bulgaria June 26 and returning July 22, not July 4 and 5. A letter from the Hotel Vitosha's director listed every occupant of room 911 from October 1979 to May 1981. Mersan showed up for July 22, 1980, *but not for July 4 and 5.* Judge Martella asked the West German police for a photocopy of Mersan's passport. It showed his entry into Bulgaria on July 4, and exit on July 5. A stamped notation added: "TK-Balkan Tourist Sofia—Hotel Vitosha—arrived July 4, 1980—departed July 5, 1980." When Judge Martella called "this grave discrepancy" to the Bulgarians' attention, they promised "a swift investigation and reply." None arrived.

Agca's descriptions of Antonov were accurate down to his mastery of English, his eye defect, and his wife's nickname. Antonov told the judge he could not understand how Agca knew so much about him, yet under interrogation he confirmed every detail. His admission that he spoke some English shattered a major Bulgarian argument

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AGCA SAGA

Mehmet Ali Agca, a young Turkish mercenary, was convicted of shooting Pope John Paul II. In his testimony, Agca implicated five Turks—four of whom will be tried—and three Bulgarians. Their alleged roles in the plot are as follows.

Oral Celik, a boyhood friend of Agca and his accomplice in the shooting. He has not been seen since, and apparently escaped from Italy in a sealed Bulgarian Embassy truck. Celik had been involved in arms- and drugs-running for . . .

Bekir Celenk, a Turkish Mafia boss who worked out of Bulgaria. After the shooting he took refuge in Sofia. He will be tried in absentia. Celenk was the Bulgarian secret services' contact man for hiring the two Turkish gunmen, whom he located through . . .

Omer Mersan, a Munich-based businessman and smuggler. Mersan told all to Italian authorities in April 1984 and was released. He will not be tried. In particular, he told of his ties to the Turkish arms Mafia and to Celenk, who was coordinating his own Mafia resources and contacts with those of . . .

Musa Serdar Celebi, a Munich-based leader of a Turkish terrorist organization called the Gray Wolves. Celebi is now awaiting trial in jail in Italy. He was the go-between for Celenk and Agca and gave them access to the resources of the Gray Wolves throughout Europe, including the services of . . .

Omer Bagci, a Gray Wolves leader based in Switzerland, now awaiting trial in Italy. He kept the Browning automatic Agca was to use to shoot the pope, and had it delivered to him in Milan.

The following Bulgarians were indicted and are still in jail in Italy:

Zhelyo Vasilev (alias **Sotir Petrov**), secretary to the military attaché at the Bulgarian Embassy, came up with the plans for Agca and Celik to be spirited off in the embassy truck. His arrest was ordered in November 1982, after he had fled to Sofia. He has been silent under interrogation, but was apparently helped in these arrangements by . . .

Todor Aivasov (alias **Sotir Kolev**), treasurer of the Bulgarian Embassy in Rome, allegedly met with Celenk, Celik, and Agca in Sofia throughout the summer of 1980. His arrest was ordered after he had fled to Sofia, and he has stuck ever since to an increasingly complex alibi, as has . . .

Sergei Antonov (alias **Bayramic**), deputy director of Balkan Air. Antonov was supposed to drive the getaway car from the assassination site. He claimed to have been at the airline's offices with six other people throughout the day of the assassination. The corroborating testimony of all six fell apart under cross-examination.

in his defense—that Antonov could not have communicated with Agca, since he spoke no English. Judge Martella concluded that Antonov was "unable to offer a single element giving the lie to his accuser." His defense was "devoid of judicial force, contrived because born late and therefore suspect, and characterized by irreconcilable contradicitons."

The rise and fall of Antonov's alibi had its comical side. He was arrested on November 25, 1982. At the time he said he remembered nothing about the day of the shooting. Three weeks later, he produced six witnesses to swear that he was in the Balkan Air office throughout that fateful afternoon.

All six worked for Balkan Air or Balkan Tourist, in the next room; and all were "clearly reciting a part," said the judge. Just after Antonov's arrest, his office mate, Svetana Blagoeva, had testified "that she and she alone" was in the office with Antonov from 1:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. on May 13. Silva Popkresteva had sworn she'd worked only that morning, and had no knowledge of the afternoon. Interrogated a month later ("at Antonov's request," the judge noted) Svetana Blagoeva "remembered" that Silva Popkresteva was there in the afternoon after all. Popkresteva recalled that too. And Blagoeva's 80-year-old mother remembered phoning her at the office "around 5 p.m." to say she'd seen the shooting of the pope on TV. Blagoeva, Popkresteva, Antonov, and four other Balkan Air employees now distinctly recalled the 5:30 p.m. phone call. Indeed, they all insisted that Antonov had answered the phone himself. He concurred. The timing alone made this a wasted effort: the first TV film on the papal shooting was not shown until 7 p.m.

Todor Aivasov's alibi was four months in the making. After offering none to speak of on March 3, 1983, he came up with a dazzling account the following July 17. Judge Martella found it to be "amply disavowed, contrived, not responding to the truth, and wholly unworthy of notice."

The account covered most of Aivasov's waking moments from May 11 to the hour of the shooting on May 13. On May 11, he said, he and an embassy driver named Tchotov picked up a cargo of bicycles from a shop in Rome at 4 p.m. and shipped them from the airport at 5 p.m. Tchotov proved to be a thoroughly unreliable witness, who finally admitted to having been "instructed" or "helped to remember" in advance. Other witnesses, documents in hand, established the hours in question as 5 p.m. and 6:10 p.m., respectively. Thus Aivasov could easily have inspected St. Peter's with Agca in the early afternoon.

Aivasov maintained that practically all of May 12 was devoted to clearing customs for a TIR truck. He cited as witnesses two Italian customs inspectors, a brigadier of the Financial Police, the TIR's Bulgarian driver, and Svetana Blagoeva. Aivasov and Blagoeva swore they had picked up the Italians at the customs house, taken them to lunch, then watched them clear some wine and spirits cargo at the Bulgarian Embassy. But the two customs inspectors remembered a lunch with a Bulgarian who evidently was not Aivasov: the description offered by one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S BETTER THAN SPEED READING?

SPEED LEARNING

(SPEED PLUS COMPREHENSION)

Speed Learning is replacing speed reading. It's easy to learn . . . lasts a lifetime . . . applies to everything you read . . . and is the only accredited course with the option of continuing education units.

Do you have too much to read and too little time to read it? Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read? Do you frequently have to go back and reread words or whole paragraphs you just finished reading? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you quickly forget most of what you read?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions—then here at last is the practical help you've been waiting for. Whether you read for business or pleasure, school or college, you will build exceptional skills from this major breakthrough in effective reading, created by Dr. Russell Stauffer at the University of Delaware.

Not just "speed reading"—but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning

The new *Speed Learning Program* shows you step-by-proven-step how to increase your reading skill and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 200,000 slow readers who completed the *Speed Learning Program* was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast as they could think.

What makes Speed Learning so successful?

The new *Speed Learning Program* does not offer you a rehash of the usual eye-exercises, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective.

In just a few spare minutes a day of easy reading and exciting listening, you discover an entirely new way to read and think—a radical departure from anything you have ever seen or heard about.

Research shows that reading is 95% *thinking* and only 5% eye movement. Yet most of today's speed reading programs spend their time teaching you rapid eye movement (5% of the problem) and ignore the most important part (95%) *thinking*. In brief, *Speed Learning gives you what speed reading can't.*

Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material *at least* twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read . . . finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy than ever before.

Listen-and-learn at your own pace

This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you—no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly . . . to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week, Wall Street Journal, Family Circle, N.Y. Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun . . . and so much more effective.

Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Speed Learning is a fully accredited course . . . costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home . . . in spare time . . . without risking a penny.

Examine Speed Learning FREE for 15 days

You will be thrilled at how quickly this program will begin to develop new thinking and reading skills. After listening to just one cassette and reading the preface you will quickly see how you can achieve increases in both the speed at which you read and in the amount you understand and remember.

You must be delighted with what you see or you pay nothing. Examine this remarkable program for 15 days. If, at the end of that time you are not convinced that you would like to master Speed Learning, simply return the program and owe nothing. See the coupon for low price and convenient credit terms.

Special Student Edition

Super Reading Jr. improves schoolwork and grades for ages 11 to 17. Check the coupon for low price.

Note: Many companies and government agencies have tuition assistance plans for employees providing full or partial payment.

In most cases, the entire cost of your Speed Learning Program is Tax Deductible.

Special Professional Editions . . .
Now it's easy to stay ahead in your work-related reading. Speed Learning is the first speed and comprehension course to focus on the specific reading demands of professionals. The Special Editions have been developed with leading professional societies and publications. Once you've mastered the basic techniques, you'll advance to a workbook which contains reading material and exercises taken from professional publications in your specific field.

Special Editions are available for:
Data Processing, Finance/Accounting, Medicine, Science/Engineering. Be sure to check the appropriate coupon box for the special edition you want.

Continuing Education/Professional Accreditation
The National Management Association, the world's largest association of professional managers, awards CEU's for completion. Speed Learning is also offered internationally to members of professional associations for credit. Details are included with your program.

learn INCORPORATED **Dept. CZ-24, 113 Gaither Drive, Mount Laurel, NJ 08054**

YES! Please send the materials checked below:
☐ Standard Speed Learning program @ $99.95 plus $5 postage and handling
☐ Special Edition Speed Learning program @ $125 plus $5 postage and handling (check one below):
☐ Medical ☐ Data Processing ☐ Science/Engineering ☐ Finance/Accounting

Check the method of payment below: NJ Residents add 6% sales tax
☐ Check or money order enclosed
☐ Charge my credit card:
☐ Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express
Card #_____ Exp. Date_____

I understand that I may examine the materials for 15 days. At the end of that time, if I am not delighted in every way I may return them for a full refund. No questions asked.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Signature_____

Special Student Edition
Super Reading Jr.
For ages 11 to 17. Workbook plus 2 cassettes only $39.95 plus $3 postage and handling.
☐ Check here to order

Outside USA add $10 per item—Airmail extra

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bore no resemblance to him, and neither could identify him from the mug shots. Neither recalled the presence of Blagoeva or any other woman.

The brigadier of the Financial Police, Maurizio Luchetta, started by saying he had no recollection of the lunch, or the lady's presence, or Aivasov's presence. Interrogated again three days later, he unexpectedly recalled seeing Aivasov at the embassy on May 12, but said Aivasov had "absented himself from the scene between 2 [p.m.] and 4 p.m., saying he had something else to do." (According to Agca, Aivasov was in St. Peter's Square from around 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. on May 12.) Three months later, Luchetta remembered that he had driven to the embassy on May 12 with Aivasov and "a lady," and did lunch with the others. Judge Martella ordered his arrest for false testimony, stating that his "multiple and contradictory statements" reflected a "confused mind" with "an enormous capacity to contaminate the investigation."

For the crucial afternoon of May 13, Aivasov claimed to have been immersed again in the business of the TIR truck. Loaded for departure with 44 cases of books, crockery, and other items, it had to be cleared on embassy grounds. Once more Aivasov maintained that he went to the customs house with his driver, Tchotov, around 11 a.m., picked up one of the same customs inspectors (Epifanio Scalera), and stopped for lunch at a restaurant of Scalera's choosing. Back at the embassy around 3:30 p.m., Aivasov continued, he had an appointment with an Italian circus impresario. At 5 p.m. he met with an Italian theater club director to settle plans for a Bulgarian theatrical performance.

The customs inspector testified that Aivasov's account was "invented out of whole cloth." The inspector had never heard of the restaurant Aivasov said he had chosen, and had not in any case had lunch with anybody there on May 13 or any other day. The driver Tchotov admitted that, before coming to see the judge, he had been summoned for a word with Aivasov in Sofia. "In all conscience I must say . . . that Mr. Aivasov showed me a document dated May 13, 1981, and I could have confused the date and the person who came to lunch with us." The Italian impresario testified that he had gone to the embassy *in the morning*, gone to lunch with the Bulgarian consul, said good-bye at the embassy gates around 2:30 p.m., and taken off for home. He said he did not meet Todor Aivasov until six months later. The Italian theater club director exhibited her diary, with all the details of the Bulgarian theater performance. It showed that she had settled everything with a "Signor Ivazov," not on May 13 but on May 8. That was her last appointment with him.

Zhelyo Vasilev, unmistakably the highest-ranking of the three Bulgarians, was the least talkative. He denied everything and offered no alibis.

THE TURKS' fabrications were no less preposterous. The Gray Wolves leader based in Munich, Musa Serdar Celebi, imprisoned since early November 1982, had the dubious distinction of being the first defendant whose egregious lies gave Agca's story a ring of truth. Martella wrote, "The reticence, contradictions, and proven falsity of his declarations, [and] his absolute helplessness to put up a valid line of defense . . . provided the most suitable corroboration for Agca's story."

Bekir Celenk, protesting that he was just a dealer in mineral water, claimed he had never met Agca, scarcely knew Omer Mersan, had met Musa Serdar Celebi just once at lunch with a Turkish movie producer, and had never done business with Bulgaria's notorious state enterprise, Kintex. But Mersan finally admitted to knowing Celenk since 1979 and presenting him to Agca. Celebi was close enough to be going into partnership with him in Munich. The Turkish movie producer proved to be a fugitive dope trafficker who, together with Celenk, was wanted in Europe for a huge heroin deal. And Celenk's dealings with Kintex were a matter of court record in several countries.

Surveying the ruins of Celenk's alibi, the judge noted two significant facts. No sooner had Celenk learned there was an Italian arrest warrant out for him than he fled Munich and headed straight for Bulgaria. And no sooner did he get there than the Bulgarian authorities put him "under control" and took his passport away. He cannot leave the country, let alone talk freely. He will be tried in absentia in Rome.

Omer Mersan was arrested in Munich on Judge Martella's warrant as "a false and reticent witness," and extradited to Italy in April 1984, where he was confronted with hard evidence of his gangster connections. Martella had learned that Mersan was up to his neck in the Turkish Mafia's contraband traffic, that he carried 50 false passports, had excellent working relationships with Bulgarian and Turkish customs police, was on intimate terms with the director of the Hotel Vitosha in Sofia, and hobnobbed with high-ranking Bulgarian officials. Faced with such testimony and a long spell in jail, Mersan confessed to practically everything Agca had said about him. In the end Mersan was released and sent back to Germany.

ALL OF these fallacies helped to verify Agca's story. This is not to say that in the course of his confession he made an honest man of himself. As the investigation drew toward a close in the summer of 1983, Agca retracted a number of things he had said over the previous year. He said that he hadn't known where Antonov worked before his arrest, or visited his home; that he and Antonov had not, as he had formerly insisted, actually carried explosives to the Hotel Victoria in Rome when Lech Walesa was there. He claimed to have picked up details of this sort from newspapers and television, an interpreter who let him see a phone book (where he found Balkan Air's number), and magistrates talking within earshot or informing him of something as they were obliged to do by law.

"The Retraction," as it came to be called, caused an uproar in the press and will doubtless be used by the Bulgarians' lawyers as a dramatic centerpiece in the courtroom. Nevertheless, it did not contradict the body of Agca's confession. The details he had found this way were few and minor, the mass of corroborated evidence was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intact—as Agca himself pointed out. "The plot against the pope as I described it was real, and I want to reaffirm the complicity of those I named," he declared.

On January 27, 1984, when Agca had gone over every line of his testimony with Judge Martella before swearing to it, he was given a solemn warning. If he was falsely accusing innocent people, he could get anywhere from four to 20 more years tacked on to his life sentence. For "so grave and infamous a crime of slander," furthermore, he would lose any frail hope of presidential clemency. "If, on the other hand, you have committed slander and will redress that before the investigation ends, your conduct may be evaluated positively to obtain the benefit of Article 87 of the Italian Constitution: a pardon granted by the president of the Republic. I invite you to reflect before you reply."

Agca answered, "I perfectly understand that if I have accused innocent people, I would lose all chance of regaining my liberty. On that premise, I repeat that the persons I have accused—Sergei Antonov, Todor Aivasov, Zhelyo Vasilev, Bekir Celenk, Oral Celik, Musa Serdar Celebi, Omer Bagci—were my accomplices in the attempt to assassinate Pope John Paul II." Whether that was the whole truth and nothing but the truth remains for a judge of the Italian Court of Assizes and six popular jurors to decide.

Between a pious hope and a quagmire.

ANOTHER CHOICE IN NICARAGUA

BY BERNARD ARONSON

NOW THAT CONGRESS has voted down every proposal for aid to the Nicaraguan rebels, the United States has no policy toward Nicaragua. It needs to find one. Fortunately, there is a model for how that can be done.

Four years ago, the country was as polarized over U.S. policy toward El Salvador as it is today over Nicaragua. Once again we are told that our choice in Central America is either "another Vietnam" or abandoning the region to communism. But in El Salvador neither has come to pass, largely because we have achieved something approaching a consensus uniting moderates in both parties. The administration and Congress now support a coherent set of policies that have strengthened the democratic center at the expense of both the rightist death squads and the Marxist guerrillas. The upset victory by José Napoleón Duarte's Christian Democrats in the March National Assembly elections was the latest sign of this hopeful trend. Both the administration and its Democratic critics need to follow a similar path to fashion a successful policy toward Nicaragua.

The Reagan administration started out in El Salvador firmly allied with the extreme right. It argued that to break with the right, particularly within the Salvadoran military, would imperil the war effort. But in the face of strong Democratic criticism of human rights abuses and a deteriorating military situation, the administration began to press for action against the death squads, and embraced the Christian Democrats. It discovered that to defeat the Marxist left, it had to win a victory for the democratic center.

Democrats made a different kind of pilgrimage. In 1981 and 1982 many had called for a complete cutoff of military aid to the government to force internal reform and change. As democracy began to take hold, as Duarte's Christian Democrats became the governing party and called for dialogue, and as the guerrillas continued to demand not a safe electoral process but a piece of the government, growing majorities of congressional Democrats joined Republicans in support of generous military and economic aid.

In short, both sides moved toward the center and agreed to make a deal. How can the administration and congressional Democrats begin to come together on the issue of Nicaragua?

First, the administration must define the goal of its policy and tell the American people. Over the last three years, aid to the Nicaraguan rebels has been justified as necessary first to interdict the arms flow to Salvadoran guerrillas, then to change the "structure" of the Nicaraguan government, and even to make the Sandinistas cry uncle. Neither Congress nor the American people will endorse or sustain a foreign policy that appears headed down a slippery slope, the bottom of which they cannot see.

The administration seemed headed in the right direction when it endorsed the March 2 San José proposal of the Nicaraguan democratic opposition. That proposal calls for a cease-fire and negotiations, mediated by the Nicaraguan Conference of Bishops, aimed at restoring the democratic goals of the revolution. Its outcome would be ratified in free elections and guaranteed by the Central American

Bernard Aronson, former White House aide and director of policy for the Democratic National Committee, now heads the Policy Project, a Washington consulting firm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

governments. But the San José document also declares that during the period of negotiations Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega should remain "head of the Executive Branch until such time as the people pronounce themselves in a plebiscite." That is different from a military overthrow.

Second, the administration should announce that if the Sandinistas agree to a cease-fire and enter negotiations based on the San José proposal it will act to create an atmosphere where negotiations can take place. Such actions could include suspending the current U.S. military maneuvers in Honduras, resuming bilateral negotiations with Nicaragua, and a reappraising of the recently announced trade embargo. Indeed, a number of opposition leaders fear that the hastily conceived embargo will only increase the suffering of ordinary Nicaraguans, win international sympathy for the regime, and strengthen the Sandinistas' claim that their real struggle is with the U.S., not the internal opposition.

Third, the administration must insist that the Nicaraguan rebels' civilian leadership purge its military high command of former Somoza National Guard officers and drum out of its ranks any troops guilty of human rights abuses against the civilian population. It must make it clear that the "freedom fighters" the United States supports are not the remnants of the former regime but the brave men and women who waged a broad-based, democratic revolution in Nicaragua—only to see its promise stolen by the Sandinistas.

Instead, by allying with the Somocista right, the administration is making the same mistake it made first in El Salvador, and the effect has been equally destructive to the democratic cause. The presence of Somocista elements in the resistance—no matter how small their numbers—undermines the credibility of the democratic opposition. It gives the Sandinistas a scapegoat to parade before an increasingly disaffected citizenry. And it makes it impossible for many in Congress, and for other Latin American leaders, to support openly the democratic resistance.

THE DEMOCRATS too must spell out their goals, and offer a credible set of policies to achieve them. The Sandinistas have few friends in the Democratic Party today and the democratic opposition has many. But when pressed, some congressional Democrats say privately they believe the struggle for democracy within Nicaragua is all but over. They suggest that the best the United States can now hope for is a regional treaty, negotiated under the auspices of the five Latin American countries that make up the Contadora group. Such a treaty would require pledges by Nicaragua not to invade its neighbors or export revolution, reductions in standing armies, and a mutual withdrawal of foreign forces from the region.

Unfortunately, support for such a policy represents a self-fulfilling prophecy. It sends a subtle, but demoralizing, signal to the Nicaraguan democratic resistance that the United States is ready, in the end, to endorse a settlement that leaves them out in the cold. Moreover, it ignores the fact that the only real guarantor of such a treaty is an organized democratic opposition within Nicaragua itself. After all, who do we really expect to "enforce" the terms of such a regional treaty if the Sandinistas violate it? Does anyone believe that the Contadora nations, after the U.S. has reduced its military presence, are going to use military force against Nicaragua? Is a Canadian monitoring presence, which some have proposed, going to force the Sandinistas to do something they do not want to do?

Of course, there will be "official investigations" of treaty violations, and stern denunciations will be uttered. But if the Sandinistas could be moved by the collective disapproval of the hemisphere, they would not have systematically violated the democratic pledges they made to the Organization of American States in July 1979 as a condition for their support.

THE SANDINISTAS will not import Soviet missiles into this hemisphere—not because of a treaty, but because the United States will not permit it. But once they consolidate their hold and the democratic opposition is scattered into exile, no treaty will keep the Sandinistas from seizing every opportunity to support "fraternal" revolutionary movements in neighboring states, for that is the political dynamic of their regime.

The Sandinistas are clear about their intentions. "Imperialism asks three things of us," *Comandante* Bayardo Arce, coordinator of the Sandinistas' Political Committee, said in Managua last May: "to abandon interventionism, to abandon our strategic ties with the Soviet Union and the socialist community, and to be democratic. We cannot cease being internationalists unless we cease being revolutionaries. We cannot discontinue strategic relationships unless we cease being revolutionaries. It is impossible even to consider this."

Ironically, the people who will pay the biggest price are the democrats and the poor of Central America, those whom Democrats want to help most. The threat posed by a permanent, revolutionary Sandinista regime will be used as justification by right-wing militarists throughout Central America to strengthen their position. And the danger that the Sandinistas will keep Central America in political turmoil will only accelerate the capital flight now under way throughout Central America, robbing the region's *campesinos* of their hopes for a future that consists of more than grinding poverty.

In Honduras, for instance, the first reaction to the radicalization of Nicaragua was the emergence of strongman General Gustavo Alvarez. Even democratic Costa Rica, which abolished its standing army in 1948, is now shopping for new arms and anxiously tracking rumors of Costa Ricans training as guerrillas in Nicaragua.

The Nicaraguan revolution was fought for worthy goals: democratic pluralism, a mixed economy, and genuine nonalignment. The fulfillment of those goals is the best guarantor of regional peace and stability. The Democratic Party should make negotiations to achieve them—as called for in San José and endorsed by the Contadora

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries—the cornerstone of its policy. If Democrats believe that the solution to El Salvador's terrible civil war and violence is dialogue, national reconciliation, and democracy, they should support those goals just as enthusiastically in Nicaragua.

If the administration presses for a cease-fire and a negotiated political settlement, and purges the armed resistance of Somocistas, the Democrats should agree next to channel humanitarian aid to the armed resistance directly through a U.S. government agency, not through the International Red Cross or the U.N. High Commissioner on Refugees, as called for in the Democratic alternative passed, initially, in the House.

The debate about humanitarian aid is not a quarrel about how best to supply food and medicine, but about political legitimacy. To insist that only Nicaraguan "refugees" can receive American assistance, and only through an international relief agency, is to deal a devastating political defeat to the resistance forces. The message is that if they are fighting for change in Nicaragua, the United States will not help them. But if they lay down their arms and leave their country, we will send them food and medicine. The Sandinistas can hardly be expected to hold a political dialogue about the future of their country with a group of exiled refugees.

FINALLY, Democrats are right to insist that every form of diplomatic, political, and economic leverage be tried to pressure the Sandinista regime to negotiate before any military option is considered. But if the goal of Democratic policy in Central America is a negotiated settlement within Nicaragua, then Democrats must signal that at some point, if *all* other efforts have failed, Congress will seriously reconsider future requests for military assistance to a democratic—not Somocista—Nicaraguan armed resistance. Unless the Sandinista regime believes that such a threat is possible, they will never negotiate seriously. The steady squeezing out of democratic forces since the Nicaraguan revolution, the betrayal of one promised Sandinista "reform" after another, and the state-sponsored mobs, called *turbas*, which set upon opposition leader Arturo Cruz and his supporters during last fall's presidential "election," are ample proof of that.

Opponents of military assistance say it would violate the sovereignty of an established government and the dictates of international law. The United States, least of any nation, should not treat such claims lightly. But the purpose of law is to protect the weak from the strong and ensure a measure of justice. None of that will happen if the Sandinistas consolidate their power. Nor do the Sandinistas have any legitimate claim to invoke the principle of "sovereignty." Venezuela, Panama, Honduras, and Cuba all helped transmit arms to the Sandinistas to aid in the final overthrow of Somoza. Costa Rica and Honduras provided bases for the rebels. And the U.S. ambassador to Nicaragua under a Democratic administration personally negotiated Somoza's forced resignation and the naming of his caretaker successor. None of those invoking the "sanctity" of this principle raised any objections at the time. Why was it "legitimate" to help the Nicaraguan people wage their revolution in 1979 but "illegitimate" to help the Nicaraguan people save their revolution today?

The second argument made by opponents of military aid to the resistance—even if they were to purge Somocistas from their ranks—is that they are not a representative Nicaraguan group, but solely a creation of the United States. Curiously, many of the people who argue this way make the opposite argument about the guerrillas in El Salvador. They say that the Salvadoran rebel army, which fields 7,000 to 9,000 troops in a nation of five million and receives arms from the Soviet bloc, has proven its popular support by its ability to wage a protracted guerrilla war. And they say that despite the guerrillas' systematic destruction of that nation's economic infrastructure and a political program that does not include regular elections, the government, as a condition of our aid, should negotiate to bring its armed opposition into the political process.

IN NICARAGUA there are now 16,000 armed insurgents in a nation of 3.2 million and another 3,000 to 5,000 without arms or equipment. Their ranks include poor peasants, small farmers, Indians, devout Christians, draft resisters, and deserters from the Sandinista army. And they operate now in much of Nicaragua's mountainous terrain. Whatever the origins of the Nicaraguan armed resistance, it is disingenuous to argue today that the conflict in which they are engaged is not among the Nicaraguan people.

Moreover, the political leadership of the democratic resistance is made up of a remarkable group of Nicaraguans, all of whom led in the struggle against Somoza, and all of them committed democrats: Arturo Cruz, a former officer in the Inter-American Development Bank, served as Nicaragua's ambassador to Washington after the revolution; Alfonso Robelo served in the first revolutionary junta; and Adolfo Calero, who was jailed by Somoza, was part of the progressive business community in Nicaragua that organized a nationwide strike that helped seal Somoza's fate. They epitomize the democratic center in Latin America committed to self-determination and social justice for their people. But theirs will be empty voices if their pleas for democracy are backed up by pious hopes instead of real power.

The United States often is accused of being on the wrong side of revolution in Latin America. In Nicaragua, as in El Salvador, we should be allied with those waging a democratic revolution against the enemies of freedom on both the left and right. The U.S. cannot ordain the outcome of that struggle. But in the near future Nicaragua will look like either Cuba today or Mexico after its revolution. It is a difference worth fighting for. If Democrats and Republicans unite behind a principled, bipartisan policy, we have a chance to help those struggling to save the Nicaraguan revolution when our help still can make a difference. Nothing less is worthy of the democratic ideals that unite us as Americans. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Naples Syrup; Texas Grits

How easy Giancarlo Giannini makes it all look. He has played everything from drama to fiercely ironic caricature, and now he's in a farce about a scruffy swindler who lives by his frenzied wits. The character, like the script, was composed for Giannini, that's clear; but what's also clear is that he handles it like a miraculously deft, slightly bored juggler.

Where's Picone?
SACIS

1918
Cinecom International

Of the art that conceals art, especially when the character himself is a con artist, Giannini is a delightful master.

Where's Picone? is set in Naples, the city where Giannini was brought up (although he was born in northern Italy), and he must be strikingly true with the Neapolitan dialect and manner because Italians hail him for them. In his most controversial role, the protagonist of Wertmüller's *Seven Beauties*, he played a strutting Neapolitan rooster—ensnared in World War II and a German prison camp—whose brazen ethic is survival. In his new film (a translation of the original title is *Picone Sent Me*), the man he plays is not consciously comic, but he certainly knows that he is hurriedly patching his life together with inventions and departures. To make it funnier, the man is in some ways highly moral. He'll do almost anything for a dollar except work, but he won't do anything to hurt people. And since the plot entwines him with people who have no compunctions about cutting and killing, he keeps briskly on the move, in scheme and locus.

None of this is to magnify *Where's Picone?*, which is basically only a cumulative series of jams and surprises. But it certainly is to magnify Giannini. He likes to give interviews deflating his profession; he treats talk about acting as dull. Possibly this stance is a reaction to the plentiful gab of good and less good actors about themselves, but it can't disguise the fact that Giannini is an exceptionally clever and convincing actor. It's one long chuckle, sometimes louder than that, to watch him olive-oiling his way through this film.

Where's Picone? was written by Nanni Loy, who directed, and Elvio Porta. It starts at a large public hearing about labor conditions in Naples today. A working man named Picone walks through the crowd up to the tribunal, protests what has happened to him, pours gasoline over himself, and ignites it. Yes, this is a comedy. The flaming man runs outside where the flames are smothered, and the first tip that this picture is not as grave as it looks is that an ambulance pulls up immediately and carries him off. Too neat. Mrs. Picone goes to the morgue to claim his body, which isn't found, and there she encounters Giannini, whose "office" is a bench in the waiting room where he advises people, for a fee, on where to go to get what they want—a one-man guide through Italian bureaucracy. This encounter involves Giannini with the woman, warmly played by Lina Sastri, and with her children. As he follows the trail of her husband's activities in an attempt to help her, he discovers that Picone, far from being a simple steelworker, was a racketeer with lucrative connections and amorous interests.

Loy has directed pretty much the way Giannini acts—unobtrusively but with complete control. Loy has been making films—and has been teaching directing—for almost 30 years. He is probably best known for *The Four Days of Naples*, about the Neapolitan revolt against the Germans in 1943; his most recent film to be shown here was *Café Express*, another tidy comedy about a man forced by poverty to become an "operator." But the best Loy that I know is *Why?* (TNR, December 2, 1972), a horrifying film about a crack in the Italian legal system—by implication, in any legal system—through which an innocent person can fall into years of suffering.

Where's Picone? does something more than look wryly at the struggle for existence: it tells us a good deal about the city where it's set. Small-scale it is, yet it's like those sun-dried tomatoes from southern Italy: one bite, and you get a lot of flavor.

Along with thousands of others, I'll always be in debt to Horton Foote for writing *Tender Mercies*. So it's dismal to report that his latest screenplay, *1918*, is not good. Its poor quality is almost a compound of the flaws that threatened *Tender Mercies* and that Foote carefully avoided there: stringy structure in the name of verisimilitude; reliance on knowledge of the locale to supply texture; assumptive symbolism.

1918, which starts in the fall of that year and ends the following spring, takes place in a small Texas town. Publicity tells us that the incidents are generally biographical—about Foote's family and their friends. The central characters are a young men's clothing merchant, William Converse-Roberts, his wife, Hallie Foote (the author's daughter), her brother, the ubiquitous Matthew Broderick, and her parents, Michael Higgins and Rochelle Oliver. Insofar as the straggly script can be said

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Mikey and Nicky. Welcome rerelease of Elaine May's 1977 drama, technically imperfect but thematically firm. Betrayals, sexual and tribal, within the criminal world, made resonant for all of us. Unique, unremitting, important. (Reviewed 1/1&8/77)

My First Wife. Melbourne, today. A marriage rips apart, ripping the partners as well. John Hargreaves and Wendy Hughes are excellent. (4/29/85)

The Sure Thing. Pleasant college romance, breezing across the country from New England to California. (4/8/85)

Streetwise. Nonfiction, exceptionally well-made. The lives of teenage street people in Seattle opened for us. (5/13/85)

SK

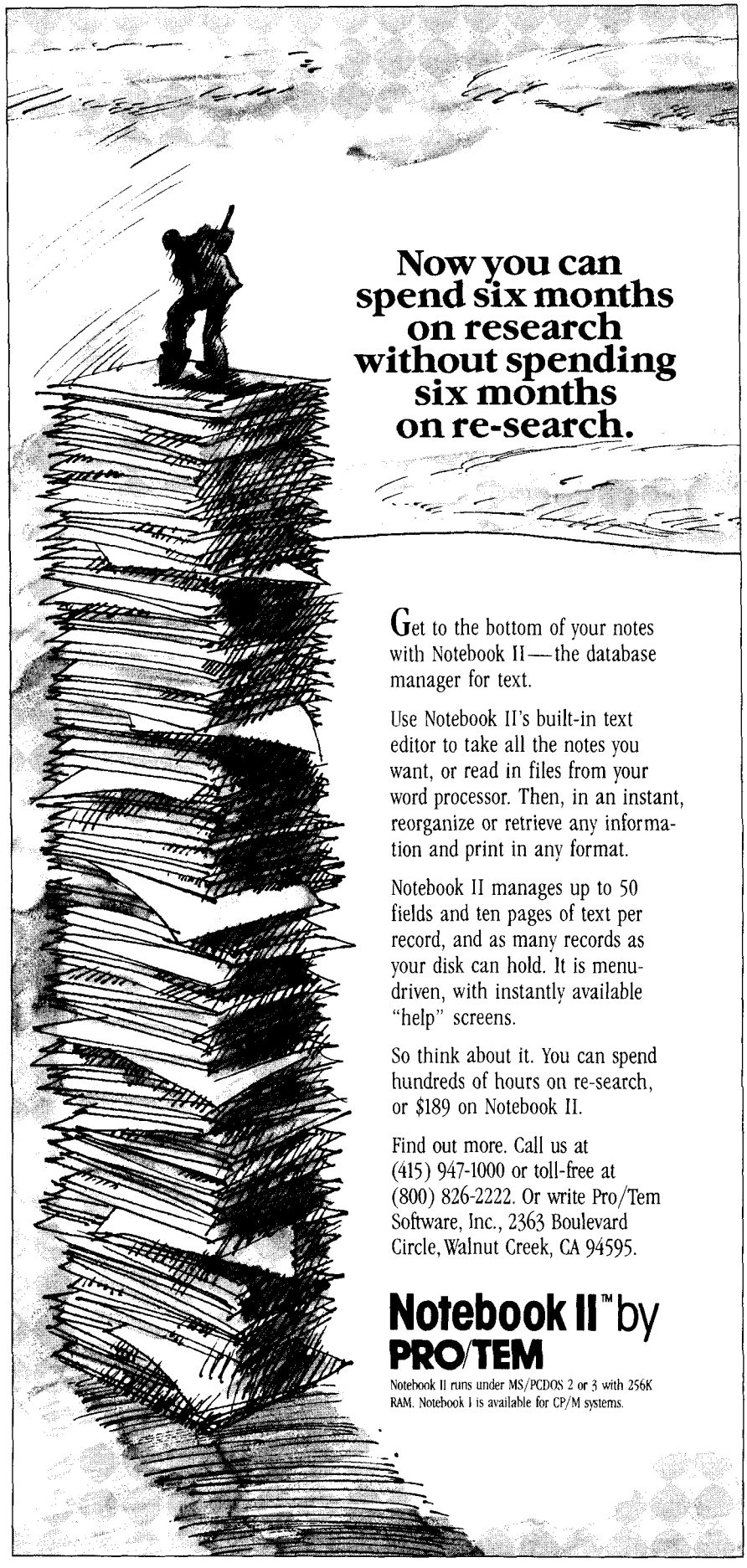
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have a theme, it's the contrast between the town's romance about the war in France and the reality of the influenza epidemic in its midst. But this is to crystallize more than the script does. The passage of time is ineptly handled; minor moments are dragged out, and huge events—the death of the young couple's child, for instance—happen off-screen, to be related after the briefest of cuts. A blank-faced teenage girl visitor is given a huge amount of screen attention though she has absolutely no relation to anything that's happening. Details, like the names of flowers that someone left on a grave, are articulated.

Converse-Roberts contracts influenza—in a sequence that is like fast-forward film. When he recovers, the Armistice is declared, his wife announces that she is pregnant again, and we expect that the film is over. But it meanders on into the following spring just so that we can actually see the newborn infant, as if the knowledge that he's on the way isn't sufficient index that life will continue.

Even this wispy script would have made a better film in better hands. The cinematographer, George Tirl, shoots the past in—guess what—sepia tones, with halations coming through the windows. The editor, Leon Seith, keeps cutting away to the listener when someone is speaking, apparently in the hope that this will give cinematic vitality to static scenes. But the effect is like those shots of the interviewer in TV interviews, shots that are often inserted after the subject of the interview has gone. The director, Ken Harrison, doesn't seem to know anything about acting. The dialogue is not phrased with any sense of pace, the actors are not summoned to any effort. Broderick is adequate, but he has the flashiest role, a bad boy. Foote is a pleasant woman who gives no hint of talent. Oliver is utterly conventional. Converse-Roberts and Higgins are good actors, as I've seen elsewhere, but here they work as if they were doing a soap opera or a made-for-TV-movie—once over lightly and let's avoid retakes. Neither appears to have reached into himself or toward his role, and the director seems not to have noticed.

As in Tavernier's recent *A Sunday in the Country*, this film leans heavily on the appurtenances of the period. Clothes, customs, posters, songs, old-time flicks at the town movie house are asked to do much, or most, of the affective work. But they are limp decor on a limp body. □


Now you can spend six months on research without spending six months on re-search.
Get to the bottom of your notes with Notebook II—the database manager for text.
Use Notebook II's built-in text editor to take all the notes you want, or read in files from your word processor. Then, in an instant, reorganize or retrieve any information and print in any format.
Notebook II manages up to 50 fields and ten pages of text per record, and as many records as your disk can hold. It is menu-driven, with instantly available "help" screens.
So think about it. You can spend hundreds of hours on re-search, or $189 on Notebook II.
Find out more. Call us at (415) 947-1000 or toll-free at (800) 826-2222. Or write Pro/Tem Software, Inc., 2363 Boulevard Circle, Walnut Creek, CA 94595.
Notebook II™ by PRO/TEM
Notebook II runs under MS/PCDOS 2 or 3 with 256K RAM. Notebook I is available for CP/M systems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMILY AFFAIR

An Indian Dynasty: The Story of the Nehru-Gandhi Family by Tariq Ali

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, 318 pp., $17.95)

No one interested in the 20th-century history of the Indian subcontinent can contemplate its dramas without the accompanying sensations of disquiet and distaste—even, on occasion, of outright revulsion. The plot, beginning with the struggles of the nationalist movement, is a complex and devious one, a spider's web of often incompatible ideals (Gandhi and Nehru may have been guru and disciple, but they also represented quite different images of Indian destiny), of hostile interests and confusions of motive. Toward the end, which we might say for the sake of convenience comes with the coronation of Rajiv Gandhi, the ideals have disappeared altogether. All that survives are the interests, which have become more naked, and the emotions to which they give rise, which have become more crude. How did it happen that the Gandhi-Nehru legacy decayed into the shabbiest idolatry of family? How was it that India—a country, despite all its poverty and squalor, with a substantial industrial base, powerful armed forces, a sophisticated civil service, a well-educated middle class—how was it that India maneuvered itself into the voodoo politics of Mama and Baby Docs?

I shall take a scene or two from what now passes for political life in India. Toward the end of 1983, Tariq Ali (in England those who still remember the intoxicating days of student revolt will also remember Tariq Ali, who achieved prominence as a radical president of the Oxford Union) was present at a session of the All India Congress Committee, one of the manifestations of the ruling party. It should have been a glittering occasion. Present were emissaries from East Germany, Tanzania, France, the Soviet Union. Indira Gandhi and her heir apparent, Rajiv, presided. Rajiv, so far as our information goes, had been perfectly content piloting the aircraft of Indian Airlines, the internal carrier. There is no reason to doubt that he would have gone on doing so but for the sudden death, in 1980, of his younger brother Sanjay. Cruelly robbed of one heir apparent, Indira Gandhi reached out for the only other available. It takes years of training, I am told, to qualify as an airline pilot. But it seems that nothing of the sort is required to become the leader of 800 million Indians.

"The Congress session," Tariq Ali tells us, "was a one-family show . . . Sitting on the floor of the wooden platform were Indira Gandhi and Rajiv, surrounded by provincial leaders. In the audience were 'delegates' from Congress branches in the country as a whole. 'Delegate' is perhaps a euphemism. They seemed like people picked up on the street and promised a good time. . . . Some of them were constantly being rescued from police cells and brothels." They chanted slogans (" 'Who is the leader of our nation?' " " 'Rajiv Gandhi!' ") when called on to do so by their cheerleaders. Only Indira and Rajiv could command their attention and deference. When other speakers tried to address them, the rabble grew noisily restive and drifted away from the hall in droves. Mindful of the presence of her distinguished overseas guests, the prime minister was vexed, becoming especially so when it was the turn of her most prominent guest (a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union) to speak. In desperation, she rose to her feet. " 'Look here,' " she appealed, resorting to the privacy of Hindi, " '. . . it looks very bad for foreigners when you all leave after I've spoken. Sit down! You near the door, sit down! . . .' "

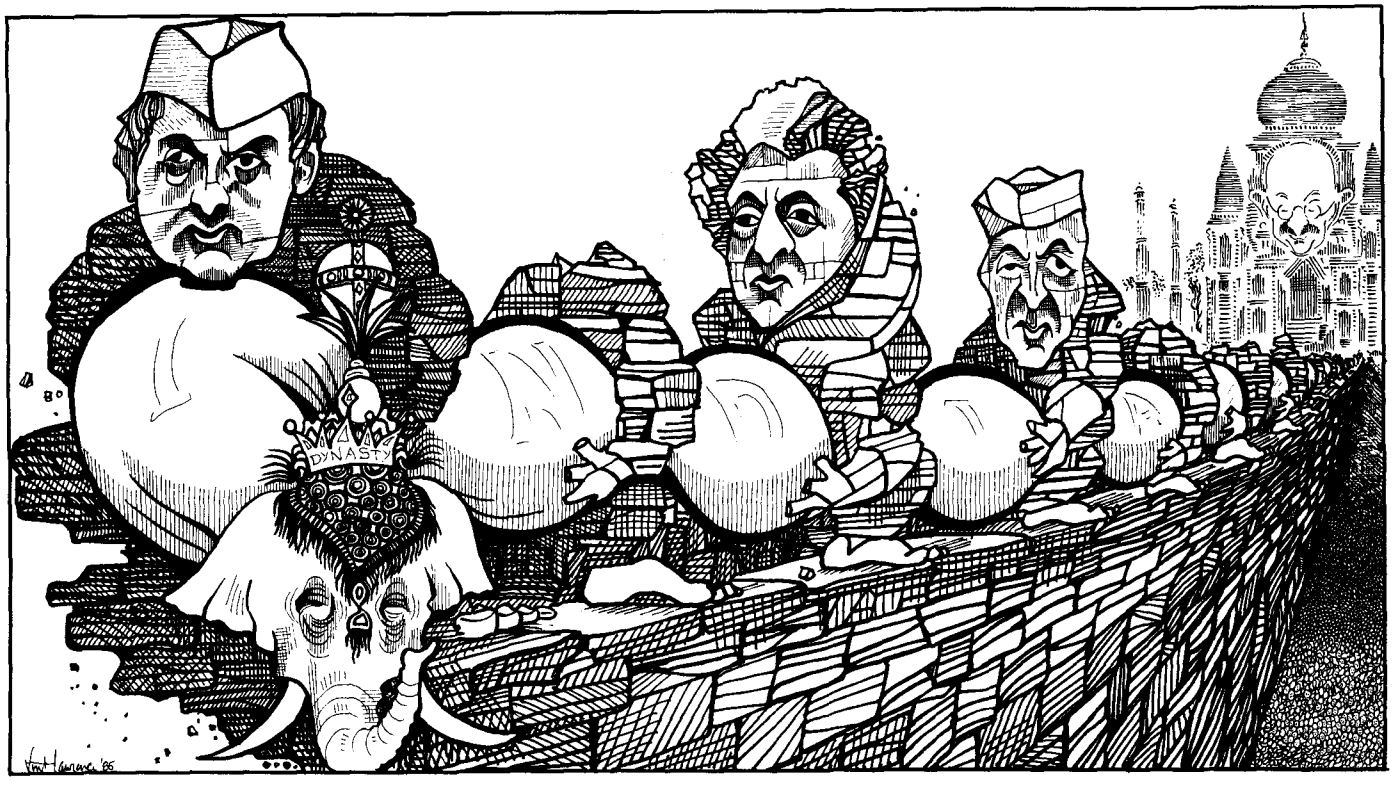
It is possible that Tariq Ali has embellished the scene, that he has exaggerated the infantilism. Nevertheless, his description rings true. It is of a piece with the essentially personal and devotional nature of political allegiance in India. Indira Gandhi ought not to have been so discountenanced by the behavior of her admirers. She had raised no objections when it was proclaimed that "India is Indira and Indira is India." If that were indeed so, why should time be wasted listening to anyone else? Congress, as a party, was pure facade; no more than a front organization for Indira Gandhi and her family. Everybody knew that.

Politics as such—the battle of parties, the conflict of ideologies—had virtually ceased to exist. In that debased atmosphere a quarrel between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law automatically acquired vibrant public significance. After the death of Sanjay, it came to light that his widow, Maneka—never too enamored of her brother-in-law Rajiv and his Italian wife—was reacting badly to her sudden eclipse and the rapid elevation of her rivals. Whether the disaffected Maneka was expelled, or expelled herself, from the house of the Gandhis remains obscure. However it was, she lost her resident status. Not everybody who falls out with her mother-in-law responds to the challenge by forming a political party. Maneka did. One morning 800 million Indians woke up to discover that their political choice had been enriched by the birth of the *Rashtriya Sanjay Manch*—the National Sanjay Organization.

HER PARTY, Maneka declared, would fight for socialism, democracy, and secularism; a trinity of aspiration, as Tariq Ali remarks, not usually associated with Sanjay Gandhi. Maneka fought an election against Rajiv. Socialism, democracy, and secularism featured little in her campaign. Tariq Ali sums it up well. "Maneka's main angle at the political rallies was to present herself to the poor peasants as a wronged widow, cast out on to the streets by a tyrannical mother-in-law and under the cold eyes of her late husband's cruel elder brother and his foreign wife."

Politically, India seems to have gone full circle, to have regressed to the shallow but deadly intricacies of the Moghul court on the eve of the British conquest. Is it too fanciful to suggest that one can already discern the dim outlines of future civil wars? The dramatis personae exist—one doesn't have to invent them. Maneka has her little princeling, Feroze; and Rajiv has his Rahul. The dynasticism that, to some, has seemed a blessing, offering India stability and continuity, could become a rather messy business if the claimants to the inheritance continue to multiply. Whatever its successes under the benign guidance of "Captain Rajiv," the intrinsically capricious character of the dy-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

nastic principle will ultimately subvert the too cheaply acquired illusions of stability and continuity. It is a papering over of the cracks that have developed in the foundations of Nehru's "secular" state. Today India may embrace the civilized Rajiv; but only yesterday it was recoiling in terror from Sanjay and the demons he had threatened to unleash.

Yet, when we turn our attention away from the Congress Party, when we survey the Indian landscape in search of an alternative, what do we see? We see factionalized Marxist sects not obviously anointed with any conviction of their revolutionary destiny; narrowly based "chauvinist" movements like the Sikh Akali Dal (Party of Immortals) in the Punjab; in the "anti-Aryan" south, regional alliances with a purely regional appeal. And we see too, through a polluted mist, those discredited, disgruntled gerontocrats, the Congress "Old Guard," maneuvered into the borderlands by the palace coup Indira Gandhi had engineered in 1969 to secure her ascendancy after the death of the ephemeral Lal Bahadur Shastri.

These, roughly speaking, were the men who, in 1977, were to be given a second chance by the Indian people, emerging triumphant from the post-emergency general election, which had swept away Indira and Sanjay. The failure of their jerry-built Janata (People) coalition went deeper than mere popular disenchantment with the disconcerting eccentricities of a urine-drinking prime minister; went deeper than the gross corruption that accompanied the urine-drinking—Indians, after all, were inured to corruption; went deeper, even, than the absurdities: the minister of health, for example, didn't believe in modern medical practices. Mutilated by the cutthroat ambitions of the leading protagonists who shamelessly warred with each other, the coalition vandalized the fragile fabric of Indian democracy. Its sordid, self-inflicted suttee prepared the way not only for the return of Indira Gandhi and the feared Sanjay, but signaled a surrender to the dynastic principle. If Nehruian democracy was to be raped, who better to do the ravishing than the descendants of Nehru? They might even do it with some style. And maybe some sort of rape had always been inevitable. How do you govern and hold together a country that defies the very idea of nationality? Nearly 40 years after the coming of independence and the secular state, the most fundamental questions persist.

"What is Mother India?" Jawaharlal Nehru had asked one of his audiences some years before the attainment of independence. His listeners, until that moment ebullient, fell uneasily silent. In India nearly everything conspires toward fragmentation. The challenge to the unity of India comes not from without but from within. The specific evolutions of history, religion, language, castes, subcastes, sub-subcastes—nearly everything tends to divisiveness. In the poorest and most squalid of villages, communities will isolate themselves from one another. Some years ago, while traveling in Maharashtra, I visited such a village. It was a stricken place, barely able to coax one crop of rice a year from the stony soil, inhabited by low-caste Hindus and Untouchables. Not many years before, the Untouchables had converted en masse to Buddhism; others seek salvation by embracing Christianity or Islam.

Conversion had made little difference to their condition. Relations between the two groups in the village were no less strained than they had been formerly. The "Buddhists"—to take just a couple of examples—could not draw water from the same well as the Hindus and had to locate their huts at a discreet distance. They were all, Hindu and Buddhist alike, hopelessly destitute, hopelessly separate—and all citizens of the Indian republic. In any of the neighboring villages, these same low-caste Hindus might find themselves similarly discommoded and reviled by those adjudged their superiors. In India, degradation and sublimity are subject to the most delicate shadings. Caste maintains and defines a sense of self that might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

otherwise disintegrate into nothingness. It is contagious, infiltrating its sensibilities even where it is formally denied. Neither Indian Christianity nor Islam—nor Buddhism—has been immune to the infection. Add to caste the other major lines of fracture randomly listed, and the question "What does Mother India mean to *you*?" assumes alarmingly chaotic implications. When meditated upon, the "India" invoked by nationalist favor begins to lose its solidity, melting away into spectral abstraction. Hence, perhaps, the silence that fell when Nehru asked his question.

THERE IS another equally pertinent version of the question. What did Mother India mean to Jawaharlal Nehru? One way of trying to answer this is to consider the background of the man. The Nehrus, interestingly enough, had their ancestral roots in Kashmir, a region peripheral to the main currents of Indian life and, with its Moslem majority, still squabbled over by India and Pakistan. It is possible that this inherited marginality allowed Nehru to distance himself from the constrictions of the subcontinent's cellular mosaic and to see a "whole" where a whole may never have existed; or, at any rate, not existed in the sense premised by nationalist fervor.

Although he never actually lived there—the Nehrus migrated to Delhi in the early 18th century—the picture-book romance of Kashmir, its snows, its lakes, its flowered meadows, did always remain with him, coloring his dreams. How subliminally un-Indian the images bequeathed by Kashmir! It smuggled into his perceptions the poetic license to which the privileged quasi-outsider is always vulnerable. Jawaharlal himself was born in Allahabad, a city on the confluence of the sacred rivers, Ganges and Yamuna. The Nehrus, Brahmans of impeccable quality, were aristocrats. British India, one imagines, could have furnished few better examples of adaptation and assimilation.

Motilal Nehru (Jawaharlal's father), a prosperous lawyer, an ostentatious Anglophile, lived in the grand Victorian manner. One of his son's earliest memories is of his father, warmed by claret, laughing resonantly at the dinner table. Motilal's house, with its terraces, columns, and cupolas, its rose garden, swimming pool, and croquet lawn—splendors picked out at night by floodlighting—reflected its owner's worldly ease. India in its living reality Jawaharlal would discover only in his maturity. His childhood was sheltered, Motilal hiring an English tutor (albeit a somewhat unconventional one—he was a theosophist) for his son. For his daughters he acquired English governesses. Later, Jawaharlal was sent to Harrow, thus sharing an alma mater with Winston Churchill, the great enemy of Indian independence. But Anglophilia couldn't provide perfect protection. At Harrow Nehru experienced the first twinges of colonial unease and anxiety. "I was never an exact fit," he wrote in his autobiography. "Always I had a feeling that I was not one of them." In due course he went on to Cambridge, where he read geology, chemistry, and botany.

Imperial life continued on its measured way. Motilal was delighted when he was summoned to attend the durbar of the visiting king-emperor, George V. This event took place in Delhi in 1911. He ordered his clothes for the occasion from London. The future prime minister of India rose with a matter-of-fact aplomb to the demands made on him. "I suppose," he wrote to his father from Cambridge, "you want the ordinary levee dress with sword and everything complete. . . . The shoes for the court dress will be made at Knighton's and the gloves at Travelette's. . . . Heath's man has managed to fish out your old measures and cast, and he will shape your hats accordingly."

MOTILAL remained sufficiently Indian, nevertheless, to want to seek out a suitable bride for his son. Jawaharlal, in response to the threat, fished out his own up-to-date notions on love and marriage. "There is not an atom of romance," he countered, "in the way you are searching out girls for me . . . the very idea is extremely unromantic." Motilal, though, had his way in the end. On his return to India, Jawaharlal married the Kashmiri Brahman girl who had been found for him. He was 26; she was 16. Somehow his romantic modernity survived this setback. Its ardors and commitments were transferred to the nationalist battlefield, to his vision of India reborn.

The Nehrus, through all the later generations—Motilal's, Jawaharlal's, Indira's—have been Janus-headed: simultaneously martyrs to the nationalist crusade (the youthful Indira was detained by the British during World War II) and fairly typical embodiments of the colonial yearning for "cosmopolitan" sophistications, the victims and the beneficiaries of what nowadays is called cultural imperialism. I do not mean to suggest that these tendencies are necessarily discordant. On the contrary. It is no accident that Toussaint L'Ouverture was a pampered house slave. Revolutions are more often than not the stepchildren of underprivileged cognoscenti. They are the ones who most keenly feel the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is always terrible to realize you are not "one of them." Cultural imperialism is no bad thing. Many of us could do with more rather than less of it. The Nehrus have had few inhibitions about it. The sicklier members of the family were in and out of Swiss and American sanatoriums. Indira—Tariq Ali tells us that her favorite city was Florence—was patchily educated in Swiss and English boarding schools, and spent a couple of inconclusive years at one of Oxford's women's colleges. At a time when it was difficult for Indian students to travel abroad, Indira insisted that her sons should be exceptions. "I couldn't care less what people say," she remarked, "I thought it was necessary for my boys to go to England."

WESTERNISM—"phoreigness," as the Indian satirists put it—can assume many disguises. In Indira Gandhi, Nehruian modernity betrays degenerative symptoms. That an English education—and this, note, nearly a generation after the coming of independence—should still be a "necessity" for her boys is disturbing: Westernism is slipping into a crude devotion to the phoreign. With Sanjay it slipped further down the scale of values, expressing itself in an obsession with motorcars, tall buildings with lots of glass, wild ecological fantasies of a verdant India, and a savage contempt for his poverty-stunned countrymen. Rajiv (his wife, incidentally, is Italian) has softened the Sanjayite crassness and talks, instead, of the computer revolution. "Oh," said one of his close advisers, a fellow Cambridge graduate, to an interviewer, "we were the Beatles generation." A century ago his equivalents in Calcutta would have been discussing Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill. Only in Jawaharlal Nehru, conspicuously the most erudite, cultured, and gifted of the clan, did the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emphatic Westernizing strain in the Nehrus escape caricature and bear its noblest fruit.

The fruit was a noble one. Yet it has soured and grown bitter. Nehru's romanticism coexisted with a no less powerful rationalism. In fact, the two were linked: dependent on each other, present in each other. His rational romanticism—or, one could say, romantic rationalism—imposed on India the ideal of the secular, non-communal state. This might indeed, in some distant future, be a desirable consummation. But given the circumstances, few documents are further removed from the human realities they are supposed to regulate than the constitution of the Republic of India. "Communalism" has become a byword for all that is bad in India, associated with religious obscurantism, caste degradation, and warfare, and the riots and massacres that arise as a consequence. It resurrects, in particular, all the horrors of Partition, of mobs of Moslems, Sikhs, and Hindus gathering at railway stations with sword and knife and gun to let loose their blood-lust on the refugee trains transporting the displaced populations.

I DO NOT for a moment gloss over these darknesses. But what is called communalism is not merely the sum of its assorted delinquencies—as Tariq Ali's flawless, textbook socialism would make it out to be. Nehru, unlike Tariq Ali, sensed the arduous and improbable nature of the task he had set himself and imposed on the country. When André Malraux asked this "un-English English gentlemen" (the characterization is Malraux's) what had been his greatest difficulty since independence, Nehru mentioned, first of all, "the creation of a just state by just means." He paused, then added more concretely: "Perhaps too creating a secular state in a religious country."

Communalism, for better or worse, articulates the Indian diversity. Looking down on it from Olympian heights we might wish that it had been otherwise. But it is a brute fact and, however hard we try, there is no running away from it. The Marxists might murmur about false consciousness; but consciousness, false or otherwise, remains consciousness. The divisions and distinctions and traditions bred by centuries of evolution cannot be wished away. The paradox, such as it is, is this. Communalism, while articulating Indian diversity, also expresses the unity of India. Not, obviously, the kind of unity presupposed or required by the "secular" state, but those broader unities characteristic of an old and intricate civilization. The old argument about the unity of India comes down to that. India *does* exist; India *is* a unity. Its existence and its unity, however, belong to a more ancient order of things. Rome began as a state and, as its power increased, became a civilization. India, more slowly, more undirectedly, accumulated a civilization and never quite managed to create the patterns of a consistent, self-conscious statehood. Those, like Tariq Ali, who would abolish "communalism" by waving the magic wand of class war and revolution, are, in effect, asking India to abolish itself. That is rather a lot to expect.

For Tariq Ali, despite his irreproachable radicalism, is also one of the victims and beneficiaries of cultural imperialism. How effortlessly he writes about "peasant spontaneity," "class demands" and all the rest. When Indira Gandhi's Parsi husband is said to come from a "petit bourgeois" background, one is overwhelmed by genuine distraction. Marx's man doesn't hesitate to fish out alien measures and casts. Motilal had at least taken the trouble of having his unique dimensions ascertained.

Is there a more fashionable cause around today than the pursuit of "identity"? All along the way, the secular ideal has had to make concessions to the Indian reality in its various guises. The carving out of states on the basis of language is a major example. So is the "positive discrimination" practiced on behalf of the Untouchables. By what sleight of hand does it become "chauvinist"—not to say fascist!—for the Hindus of Hindustan to proclaim themselves as such? The secular Indian state, so wary of its minorities, so wracked by the defection of Pakistan, has sacrificed Hindustan as a notion, has refused to accord it legitimacy. Only in the machinations of back-room political calculation and intrigue is it accorded weight. Forced into the shadows, is it any wonder that so many of its manifestations surface out of its murkier depths? Tariq Ali, as the following outburst will reveal, is not in a position to offer remedies. "The continued strength of religion in the modern world," he informs us with schoolboy intensity, "is the most telling indictment of this century. . . . The members of the Ku Klux

"Our families voted liberal all their lives and look where it got us."

"The rise of Ronald Reagan and the politics of the 1980s surprised many of the country's best-known analysts. Jonathan Rieder was in the right place at the right time—the streets and kitchens of Canarsie—to understand what was actually happening (and going to happen next) in American politics."
—Richard Reeves

"A fascinating account of the conflicts among Jews, Italians, and blacks in Brooklyn."
—Nathan Glazer

"A remarkably compelling portrait of the ways of middle America, drawn with compassion, grace and wisdom."
—Kai Erikson

Canarsie
The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn against Liberalism
Jonathan Rieder

22 halftones, 1 map, $22.50 At bookstores or from Harvard University Press Cambridge, MA 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Klan in the United States are all firm believers in Christianity."

Nehru, that un-English English gentleman, was more subtle. In his will he requested that a portion of his ashes be consigned to the Ganges—although, ever mindful of his famous agnosticism, he was careful to disown any apostasy on his part. "The Ganga," he wrote,

> . . . is the river of India, beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories. . . . She has been a symbol of India's age-long culture and civilization. . . . I am conscious that I too, like all of us, am a link in that unbroken chain which goes back to the dawn of history. . . . That chain I would not break, for I treasure it and seek inspiration from it.

The reinstatement of Hindustan—and I am not advocating the rebirth of some archaic, unhistorical dreamworld composed of Gandhian self-regulating village republics: no one, including the Hindu, is exempt from the necessities and tribulations of change—might conceivably restore to stationary Hinduism the burden of movement, the burden of moral and intellectual responsibility, which, in part because of secularism, it has relinquished. In that restoration might lie the resolutions that secularism—now even more weakened by the dynastic cult based on the Nehrus—has so far failed to provide.

SHIVA NAIPAUL

Shiva Naipaul is the author of *Beyond the Dragon's Mouth*, just published by Viking Press.

THE BIG SNOOZE

The Double Man
by William S. Cohen and Gary Hart

(William Morrow, 348 pp., $16.95)

People who can't get their fill of *The Congressional Record* will find *The Double Man* a valuable and cherished supplement to their regular reading. Written by two United States senators, William Cohen (R-Maine) and Gary Hart (D-Colorado), who should have titled their book "Extended Remarks," this is one thriller dull enough to be sent out under the franking privilege. Every page, every paragraph, every sentence has been scoured and scrubbed clean of life and interest by two men dedicated to making sure that nothing appears between the covers that their opponents can use against them in the next campaign.

The plot forces the reader into an absolute suspension of belief as it opens with the wife and the baby granddaughter of the secretary of state being machine-gunned, AK-47ed, flamethrown, bombed, rocket-launched, bazookaed, and howitzered to a bloody vapor on Washington's Rock Creek Parkway by a full battalion of terrorists, acting under orders from Moscow that there should be no morsel left large enough to bury. The grief-stricken secretary of state doesn't call the FBI or the CIA or the family chiropodist and threaten them with hail and Maria unless they catch the heavy-handed Roosian warletz what did dis dastardly crime. He does what any grieving husband and grandfather would do under similar circumstances: he calls a U.S. senator, the hero, and implores him to investigate the very dickens out of these villains.

From that point all action ceases in this G-rated snoozer, wherein nary a fuck is written, though the hero is a politician plying a trade famous for liberal, in the old-fashioned sense of that word, and even lavish use of foul language and deleted expletives. But our senator/hero does get it on once with the poor heroine, though not in anything like graphic detail. No silky deltas here: ". . . they made love. It was fierce, two rivers of energy rushing together, gloriously, powerfully. No words were needed." And none are supplied, leaving a reader to suppose it is glorious and powerful when a male member of the world's most august deliberative body comes to climax. Ho, how the trumpet doth sound!

The mealymouthism of the senators' trade has entwined itself in their hobby, resulting in an adventure story permeated with little, balanced, lecturing asides on foreign policy. They do not help the story's pace. Balance is the key word, for this is a middle-of-the-road thriller in which the good guys cluster somewhere between the Ripon Society and the Democratic Study Committee. The good guys are the moderates; the extremists are the heavies, as in this example of a bad guy:

> . . . He dedicated himself to alerting the American people to the ominous arms buildup in the Soviet Union. He warned them against signing the SALT I Treaty. He denounced the evils of Henry Kissinger's internationalism and pursuit of détente. Jimmy Carter, as a former member of the Trilateral Commission, was a hazard to the nation's health . . . He labored to defeat Senate ratification of SALT II.

It may be asking too much of two pols, silly enough to burn incense to Melpomene, to see that in fiction, be it good or bad, art or soap opera, a character cannot be delineated by attributing political opinions to him. In Cohen and Hart's slow-moving stream of words, the reader is invited to be drawn to or repulsed by a character because of his stand on the Panama Canal, or his opinion of the Rockefellers, or any number of topics that make the editorial page the least perused page in the newspaper. This is a book for people who turn to *The Washington Post*'s Op-Ed page for their scoop of escapism.

Yet *The Double Man* does provide giggles, with some bad writing worthy of the penny dreadful school. It lends itself to being read aloud before dinner, when the martini has made you and the guests tiddly enough to enjoy lines like

> Chandler always saw the cruelty in Brodovsky's smile. He was a crafty diplomat well versed in the Washington power game . . . When one lifted the lid on a snake pit, one never knew what might crawl out . . . Metrinko's eyes moved methodically around the table, recording every weakness, as if he were a jackal approaching a herd of prey, preparing his line of attack . . . "Russia is a land of legends," Metrinko said. He laughed harshly.

He laughed harshly because he was sent over from Moscow via central casting. He had been "tasked," to use one of the senators' favorite verbs, by the Politburo to see just what the hell those Amerikanskis keep in their snake pits. These two use up adverbs with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same profligacy they vote to appropriate money, wrote the reviewer unkindly.

There is some good dialogue too: " 'I have done many bad things in my life. But there are worse things than assassination. That is a form of war. What is worse is to turn an innocent child into a vegetable.' " Whoa! There are days when a parent might be delighted to have a foreign agent turn little disobedient Sophia into a docile aubergine. But continuing on, the same speaker tells the senator/hero, " 'Those Mafia men the CIA was conniving with were already drug merchants then, corrupting many young girls like mine. I would have none of it. Those jackals!' he spat." There are a lot of jackals in this book. Watch out, Frederick Forsyth.

The teachers in creative writing seminars tell you to write about what you know. That worked for Jane Austen, who was able to pick out telling detail from clutter. A life in politics, however, does not school a person in artful discrimination. The senators/writers have weighted their effort with presumably accurate but intrinsically tedious detail about the place where they work. And so they put the following passage in a book meant for entertainment:

> Two minutes later, he was on the Senate floor. He spotted [Cohen & Hart always spot, never see] Charles Walcott. "What's this vote, Charlie?"
>
> "A motion to table Jack Sprague's amendment to the foreign aid bill."
>
> "What's the amendment do?"
>
> "He wants to terminate economic assistance to any country that fails to support our efforts to limit the transfer of technology to the Soviet Union."
>
> "What do you think, Charlie? Sounds a little too inflexible."
>
> "It is, but I think Jack's entitled to an up or down vote on his amendment."

They're charging $16.95 for this opus; but you can get all the amendments to the foreign aid bill you want in *The New York Times* six days a week for 30 cents. Authentic detail may make the writing accurate, but accurate is not the same as vivid or believable. Facts are dull. That's why people don't take newspapers to the seashore for their vacations.

Since these men expect to face the electorate again, *The Double Man* offers no insights into politics or the national legislature—nor should it, given that it is a sluggish tale about a senator finding out about terrorists. By inadvertence and inference, however, it offers us a peek at a senatorial view of life. Without meaning to, the authors give us a sketch of men of means, WASPs by birth or absorption, who are pampered, soothed, and served by more people than can possibly be good for them, who worry about their free parking slots at the airport, who don't pay for their vacations, who mooch off their wealthy constituents and are irked, bored, and impatient with their impecunious ones.

Such entertainment as the book has may lie in what it says about senators, if you think of it as Cohen and Hart's unintended description of themselves or their colleagues. The senator/hero in their book, from a middling background, goes to Yale Law School, and marries a millionairess who in due course becomes something of an alcoholic. He has presidential ambitions, so they get divorced. In gross outline it is not dissimilar to quite a few congressional careers. Still, the striking thing about this story is that the senator/hero in it never does anything. He's always being waited on, or he's reading a report. He does no sleuthing; he never has an idea, never plays a hunch. People keep contacting him and telling him to go to this or that place or city where they tell him stuff. The reactive, tentative, noninitiating politician as hero.

The book does finish on a note of hope. The president tells the hero he should let himself get kidnapped by terrorists and dragged off to spend the rest of his life being an American agent in Moscow. Nothing short of kidnapping by the KGB can crowbar most senators out from under the Capitol dome. Nevertheless, the story ends with 99 of the suckers still left in town. Shall we hope for a sequel?

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

FANS AND FANTASIES

Intimate Strangers: The Culture of Celebrity by Richard Schickel

(Doubleday, 299 pages, $16.95)

"How our national obsession with celebrity shapes our world and bends our minds," announces the conscientiously drab jacket of Richard Schickel's book, which stays as cool and straight as an Arctic track. For good and ill, *Intimate Strangers* is the think piece that goes with the cliché—in this case, with Andy Warhol's estimate that one day everyone will be famous for 15 minutes. Or is it five? Clichés quickly lose specificity, so variants obscure the lie in Andy's promise as well as the acuteness in what he felt. In Ethiopia you're only famous if you coincide with Mike Wallace's busy trip; in expanses of America, you must depend on being murdered or ravished in some ingenious way. The pathos in stars' lives, on the other hand, is always that they long to slip back into anonymity—if they can take the pool and the bonds with them. But Warhol's line generates interest because of its absurdist undertone and its soap-opera rhythm, whereby the old sources of fame (good works, bad deeds) have become confused and democratized.

Intimate Strangers could be a soap-opera title: it knows the dreaminess that makes this genre so close to our hearts now. I wish Schickel appreciated that, or relished the energy as well as the risks in our forms of pretending. No one can dismiss his warnings about our fascination with celebrity. But must we really huddle in dismay, sure that it ushers in the end of humanism? And is it really appropriate to see this alienation creeping in to stifle our language, our political order, our chance of being good? Celebrity touches many things. It is in John Hinckley shooting Reagan, in Hinckley wondering whether his act got on TV, in Reagan having enough Warner Bros. in his slipping blood to hope the doctors were Republicans. But it's also in that more recent cockeyed moment when the president taunted Congress and its notions of a tax increase with the Clint Eastwood line "Make my day!"

Schickel doesn't laugh much, and it's easy to pick up his lamentation, so much of it is shrewd. He says fame is a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Community Workers to Build Jewish-Arab Cooperation in Israel

INTERNS FOR PEACE is an independent, non-political program designed to build understanding, trust and respect between the Jewish and Arab citizens of Israel.

INTERNS FOR PEACE trains and places community work interns — Jews and Arabs from Israel and abroad—in paired Jewish and Arab communities for two years to develop cooperative activities in all fields, including education, sports, industry, health, and the arts.

- B.A. or equivalent experience
- Six month prior residence in Israel
- Advanced level of Hebrew or Arabic
- Experience working with people

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:

INTERNS FOR PEACE
270 West 89th St.
New York, NY 10024
(212) 580-0540

INTERNS FOR PEACE
Rehov HaNevi'im 7/1
Tel Aviv 64356
Israel
(03) 297678

Accepting Applications for 1985 Now

NUCLEAR WAR, NUCLEAR PEACE

LEON WIESELTIER

". . . one of the most thoughtful essays that I have read on a difficult subject."
—Henry A. Kissinger

"Leon Wieseltier discusses his subject with lucidity and a welcome absence of ideology. . . . Such clarity, such a grasp of global history has been desperately needed in the nuclear debate."
—Drew Middleton
The New York Times

"This book is an impressive tour de force. In a mere eighty-four pages the author tells nonexpert Americans most of what they need to know about our nuclear predicament—and tells it with lucidity, cogency, and quiet persuasion."
—George W. Ball
The New York Review of Books

"With elegant clarity, Mr. Wieseltier represents the case for nuclear deterrence. . . . It is a pleasure to find a writer who is as skillful in polemics as his opponents and who also happens to be right . . . the reader who is ready for a test of his own judgment, and especially for the pleasure of sparkling prose, may find this essay the one to read. . . ."
—McGeorge Bundy
Front-page, *The New York Times Book Review*

A New Republic Book • Holt, Rinehart and Winston

set of figures (he treats the human ones, but there are poses, images, lines, and objects, too) that loom over the unknown mass, and constitute for them an ideal scenario, vicarious entrance to which is afforded by TV. He says of these figures:

> They are turned into representations for much more inchoate longings; they are used to simplify complex matters of the mind and spirit; they are used to subvert rationalism in politics, in every realm of public life; and, most important, they are both deliberately and accidentally employed to enhance in the individual audience member a confusion of the realms (between public life and private life, between those matters of the mind that are best approached objectively and those that are best approached subjectively), subjects that are already confused enough by the inherent tendencies of modern communication technology.

So sweeping—and so lacking in concrete detail. The book has no index, notes, or bibliography, and no illustrations, all of which would have made it more useful. Of course Schickel does conclude (enlisting the novelist Thomas Berger) that language is indeed the last citadel against takeover. So he may have elected to rest his case on bare words. Still, the book is too long, too repetitive, and too distant for a pungent essay. Schickel's argument is that Hinckley's shooting Reagan was a node in our history, compelling reflection; that celebrity is a condition of the 20th century and the mass media, working its way through radio to the movies; that it has taken over politics with an Eisenhower who became "Ike," with JFK, and with the actor who made it all the way; that modernism brings a loss of reason and values; that lives are no longer coherent; and that this is the new tyranny—"a diminution of our capacity to conceive our world in humanistic and liberal terms, a diminished capacity to fully conceive even ourselves and our roles in that world." At the end, Schickel is horribly reminded that he's writing in 1984.

He's candid about drawing from what others have seen in celebrity. His essay sometimes feels like a patching together of Sontag, Mailer, Schickel himself (on D. W. Griffith and Douglas Fairbanks), Jacques Ellul, Murray Kempton, Garry Wills, George W. S. Trow, Gore Vidal, and others, all held in the air in a pipe-smoke ring of worry and by the wish "to comment personally on a number of phenomena that are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparent to any fairly thoughtful and decently informed individual, and to make some connections between these phenomena that have previously been overlooked."

SCHICKEL is curiously placed to be such a worrier. He is a film critic at *Time*, whose cover is one of the sesames to the new heaven. And his writing here is as smooth, but as unholding, as his magazine's paper. His decency, his sober taste, and his hopes for reason shine through. He has the instinct that the moment is ripe for such a book. But is this it? I'd guess that Schickel isn't really turned on by stardom, that he doesn't respond personally to its excitement, its beauty, or its silliness. He sounds like a scold to TV who's given up watching the box, and so doesn't know the ghastly wonder in following Vanna White or Richard Dawson. Yet if celebrity is a ruinous addiction, perhaps this book needs a victim as author.

There are other things wrong. The line of Schickel's essay is far from inevitable. It drifts from one set piece to another, and too often lets itself off the hook of hard thinking and research. Schickel says that "there was no such thing as celebrity prior to the beginning of the twentieth century." Now there is no doubt that the modern media have intensified the quantity and the luster of report. But this century has intensified everything. The first modern medium was photography, well on its way by 1900. And there are ample signs of celebrity long before the 1840s. You can find them large and small: in the cult of Napoleon, for example, or in the 1760 rage for the author of *Tristram Shandy* in London. The media then were slower and duller than ours, but they aroused all the complaints of vulgarity, sensationalism, rumor-mongering, and trashiness we are used to today. Every age suspects things are getting out of control, and regards the chaos with the same mixture of dread and eagerness.

Schickel's Orwellian anxiety is a good deal undercut if we reckon that humans have always wanted and created heroes and monsters, and believed in them from afar without good evidence. If Jesse James got tagged with all the holdups, Jesus of Nazareth picked up all the miracles. It's surely clear that the impulse toward religion is a version of the need for "intimate strangers." So it may make the essay tidier to begin at the founding of Hollywood, as Schickel does, but it's wrong, and it leaves the pessimism looking innocent.

And what of that decisive moment in which, says Schickel, "it all coalesces," when Hinckley shot Reagan? Schickel's description is vivid and provocative—as if he were reporting a movie he liked. But is the event really so crucial? Isn't its prediction and its rerun in fiction (in *Taxi Driver* and *The King of Comedy*) more disturbing, funnier, and truer to its grotesquerie? We do feel in Hinckley's shots the desperation of unknowns to make a mark. Still, it is half-baked to see everything in a very exceptional instance. The shooting of bullets is so much less normal a way of leaping the void than the shooting and projection of imagery. (That play on "shooting" is a pun we take for granted; humor is the mood of our fatalism.) Hinckley's case is metaphoric, and I suspect he wanted that much more than he cared about the death of a president. But fiction had overpowered his sense of reality—a much more plausible contemporary craziness, which Schickel does not explore.

HE SAYS in his introduction that he thought it unprofitable to look at stars' lives (though he does so), or to imitate psychology and sociology. So he sounds like a *Time* article giving us a gloss on such work. The lives of stars are often as stale as their company. But few writers have found ways of writing or presenting those lives so that we can feel the pulse of ambition and disappointment in them. And while Schickel admits the significance of publicity people, he fails to examine them or their machinery. He never gives us a thorough report on how celebrity operates, which lets stardom seem more magical or sinister. The descriptive task would be difficult and time-consuming; its absence only makes it easier to sound lofty and forbidding.

Most stars turn into nervous pillars of society—self-centered old folks with money, real estate, conservative attitudes, and anxiety; only a very few crash as Marilyn did, or go into a legend-enhancing retreat, like Garbo or Dietrich. Most are miserable that they're not like their roles, and wait for cocktail hour and the chance to cheer up. They resemble their fans at the same age, having a so-so time, not looking to load themselves up and get themselves a president.

I do not mean to minimize the lies told by stardom, or the delusions in the minds of fans. But we are well on in this culture now, and used to it. We can talk to imaginary beings and seem as sane as James Stewart in *Harvey*. It's a daily game we're all involved in, one way or the other. Happy couples fall asleep with fantasies of Daryl Hannah and Charles Dance. It is fatuous for Reagan to want to be Clint Eastwood, a national humiliation if you're of a mind to be humiliated; but it doesn't mean that there's no power in Washington. Nor does it detract from the charm of the incident. One reason people like Reagan is that he doesn't mind being laughed at. He is far less hungry for glamour than JFK, who wanted to be in charge of the jokes.

Perhaps Schickel misses a point in the Hinckley episode. The bullets were real. But hadn't Hinckley lost track of that? He reckoned from TV that shootings were staged. His dream may have supposed that Reagan would fall down, play shot, and then get up and chat about another take. This is not to excuse Hinckley. It is rather a way of saying that celebrity characterizes our culture less than the slippage between reality and fantasy. That is what pho-

FREE.

Mail this coupon. You'll receive one issue of THE HARVARD EDUCATION LETTER absolutely free.

Published bimonthly by Harvard's Graduate School of Education, THE LETTER summarizes and interprets the latest research on schooling. In plain English you discover what we really know about homework, the effects of preschools, television watching, and scores of other current topics. THE LETTER tells you which of today's policy debates could change the way children are taught tomorrow. And it opens the door on thought-provoking classroom issues that affect every parent and concerned citizen.

Your no risk subscription begins with this free issue. If after examining your free issue you decide THE LETTER isn't for you, just cancel within 30 days and owe nothing. But if having a say in a child's future is important to you, you'll want to pay the invoice for just $15 and keep THE HARVARD EDUCATION LETTER coming.

THE HARVARD EDUCATION LETTER
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, MA 02138

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

☐ Send details about low group rates

NRFR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tography did when it created the category of the "lifelike." As soon as there was an imprint that exact, the real thing lost some validity. Movies and television give us a lifelike fantasy as a playground that can become a madhouse. Living in those two worlds simultaneously puts us most at risk—and makes us most entertained.

The danger isn't just the stuff of violence. For decades now, media experts have been saying that college freshmen have witnessed (or had the set "on" for) 18,000 to 20,000 representations of murder. But all the kids who are not Hinckley have been exposed to just as many enactments of love—I don't mean the love act, but falling in love. It may be there, in that much more normal urge than killing, that we have been most influenced. John Hinckley was in love, and stories had told him love was never denied.

I ENCOURAGE people to read this book, but I can't share its distress. The times are frightening, yet many of us perform best when so aroused. Even with stars, TV, *People*, *Time*, and all the garishness of celebrity, the world remains diverse, intelligent, and frivolous. Lots of sensible people are having a good time and preserving their wits and a reasonable freedom. They watch the tube and still distinguish the crass from the marvels. Schickel quotes Thomas Berger (sounding untypically like a professor) on the advance of illiteracy. He might have done better to study Berger's love-hate rapture on the low estate of TV-land, the magnificent *Neighbors*, which, incidentally, shows how domestic voyeurism makes every next-door idiot another's celebrity. But too often our leaders, our educators, and our watchdogs of literacy are too busy to watch television and see what a complicated language it has.

Schickel dodges many areas in need of good books—not just the industry of stardom, but sports celebrity, advertising mythology, and the amazing variety of television. It's too easy to share Johnny Carson's slick alarm at his own status, and more intriguing to see how, an hour later, David Letterman explores the absurdity of the medium, and holds on to his amateurishness like a Jane Austen heroine nursing her marriageability. The Letterman show loves ordinary freakishness. And TV is the one medium with a chance at such unruly populism. There are some of us who can see that Vanna White on *Wheel of Fortune* is mediocrity incarnate, but more unerringly of the heart of things with every savage smile and awful dress, and made human again every time she hesitates over how the huge words in her show are spelled.

No doubt it can be disastrous to fantasize too much, to think life is only show biz. But for many life is unendurable if it's only real. Like our TV sets going recklessly from one channel to another, making crazy montage our true culture, some of us can move here and there as surefooted as Magic Johnson bringing the ball up the court. It's a delicate balance, but it is our invention.

DAVID THOMSON

David Thomson's collection of stories, *Suspects*, will be published this month by Knopf.

DEATHS IN THE FAMILY

Past Continuous
by Yaakov Shabtai
translated by Dalya Bilu

(The Jewish Publication Society, 389 pp., $16.95)

Yaakov Shabtai's urgent and innovative novel *Past Continuous* was first published in Hebrew in 1977. That we are just getting it now in English reminds us yet again of the difficulties we've had since the scattering of tongues at Babel. In this case, the lapse is frustrating because Shabtai had such a keen diagnostic sense about the crisis of meaning and values that we are currently living through; as with any crisis, no insight can come too soon. I use the past tense here because the author died suddenly of a heart attack in 1981; he was 47.

The narrative performance in *Past Continuous* is extraordinary. Shabtai found a new use for the stream-of-consciousness mode, adapting what is almost by definition a subjectively centered idiom into a means for expressing the collective life of an extended human network. Shifting adeptly between daily life in modern Tel Aviv and the nerve-pattern intricacies of the remembered past, the novel renounces customary kinds of structure. No character or incident is given special status. We feel, as a result, that we have walked in upon an epic family gathering. And as we move through the crowd, we are not only introduced to every person, but are given sharply registered personal histories as well. It is seldom clear whether we are in the author's mind or that of the character whose past we are tracing. As the same figures keep reappearing—differently angled, of course—we are almost overpowered, both by a sense of flux and by a recognition of the extent of human interconnectedness.

Where ties are so interwoven, and where the precipitate of affections and enmities is so dense, there is no perception of time possible except that named in the title. In Shabtai's world, what we are accustomed to call the present is really only the outermost projection of an ongoing past. And indeed, Israel, Caesar, and Goldman—the three friends whose doings during a nine-month span comprise the book's surface integument—move like wraiths before the accumulation of generational history that surrounds them.

The nine-month span, which generally recalls gestation, is here possessed of a grimmer significance. *Past Continuous* begins with this charged declaration: "Goldman's father died on the first of April, whereas Goldman himself committed suicide on the first of January . . ." All subsequent narrative is tinged for us by this knowledge; we look at everything through the lens of Goldman's concealed despair. Goldman will be, in the terminology of family therapeutics, the member who "expresses" what the others cannot. Moritz Heimann's aphorism, cited by Walter Benjamin, sheds light on this opening stratagem: "A man who dies at thirty-five is at every point of his life a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man who dies at the age of thirty-five." Through the novelist's art the reader shares the perspective of the fateless gods.

The opening, however, is somewhat misleading. For we would naturally expect that Goldman will be at the novel's center. But he is not—at least no more than is his father, or his mother, Regina, or his Uncle Lazar, or his friend Caesar, or Caesar's wife, or any one of a dozen others. Shabtai uses the period between the two deaths as a frame, and allows the tension of expectation to exert binding force on what might otherwise be a shapeless mass of anecdote and recollection.

To the reader who is unwilling to proceed with care, who refuses to pencil out a genealogy as he reads, *Past Continuous* may appear to be just that—shapeless. For no sooner do we join Israel and Caesar at the wake for Goldman's father than the floating digressions begin. Each glance or handshake initiates a new account. The plumb line pauses in the immensity of the past, the story is told, and then the next level is sounded. The immersion can become almost unbearable at times. But we never get the sense—and this is the secret of Shabtai's power—that these are privately hoarded details. No, each time the room comes back into focus, we realize that the narrative is part of the collective memory of all present. And with this realization comes a great feeling of inner expansion. Identities, and the problematic particulars of time and place, are diffused within the larger life of the clan.

> Shoshana had lived in the little room, Naomi's room, where she slept and sewed and also cooked meals for herself and her son on a little kerosene stove, partly because the kitchen was unbearably crowded, but mainly because Grandfather Moshe David, Regina's father, who had lingered on for a few years after his wife died, terrorizing the household with his religious fanaticism and his gloomy, irascible temper, which would flare up from time to time and erupt into passionate and vociferous scandals, was afraid that she would defile the food and dishes by bringing nonkosher things into the kitchen and mixing up the milk and meat dishes and the separate soaps and towels.

Seldom in literature do we penetrate so far into the mysteries of family life, or comprehend so intimately the changes that work their way through generations. Shabtai's novel shows us how the sterner, cruder life of earlier times has given way to the anxious anomie of the present. Where Goldman's father had once bludgeoned a neighbor's dog—because he could not bear the woman's capricious manner, and because the dog was eating better than most people in wartime Israel—Caesar, fickle-hearted man of the present, can think of nothing more pressing than his next assignation or his growing bald spot. On his way to the funeral for Goldman's father, he hums "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" to himself. The very grain of things has altered.

The events of the past, so weighted with suffering, repressed passion, and the will to endure, increasingly take on the bold lines of legend. Goldman's Aunt Zipporah toils without rest from earliest childhood to make sure that her family survives. Uncle Lazar, who had been captured in the war, makes his way home after years of imprisonment in a Siberian labor camp, only to have his wife refuse to shake his hand when he walks into the house. In the face of such stark histories of pride and pain, the aimlessness of Goldman and his friends is almost an affront.

Lazar underscores this in his conversations with Goldman. At one point Goldman discourses on suicide, claiming that it is the one true freedom, the only way to cheat death of its dominion. Lazar has a hard time meeting his gaze; it is as though he is ashamed.

TNR smartens up a classic.

Now TNR invites you to proclaim your political awareness with our version of the classic American sweatshirt. This soft, fleece-lined grey sweatshirt is emblazoned with the TNR logo in red and is available exclusively to our readers at the low price of only $18.95. *(Postage and handling included.)* Available in sizes S,M,L, and XL.

TNR sweatshirts also make the ideal all-season gift — equally at home around the fireplace and the campfire.

Quantities are limited so complete the coupon below and order today.

THE NEW REPUBLIC SWEATSHIRT
1220 19th St., NW Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me _____ TNR sweatshirts in size(s) _____.
(We suggest that you order a size larger than you usually wear to ensure proper fit.)
Total enclosed _____. I have enclosed $18.95 for each sweatshirt ordered.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check or money-order must accompany each order. Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, though, the memory of his own suffering gives him voice. " 'I don't know,' " says Lazar with the most rending understatement, " 'but it seems to me that a person has to endure a great deal before he can say the kind of things you've been saying.' "

Shabtai has arranged his time-dissolves in such a way that we experience by increments the profound changes that have engulfed this world. They are not so much addressed as glimpsed from the corner of the eye. We note that the makeshift dwellings chronicled by the elders have been torn down to accommodate modern high rises; that apartments and houses now have the latest appliances. A son or a cousin is drafted into the army and never returns. Characters remark, in passing, that Tel Aviv is overrun with strange faces. Perhaps the older generation is not constitutionally different from its heirs. Perhaps it is the impersonal force of circumstance—social, economic—that is responsible for the erosions of character. The transformations that other nations have undergone over centuries have in Israel been compressed into decades. The elders were faced with clear obstacles and did what had to be done. Goldman and Israel and Caesar have had no such luck. To them has fallen the task of defining the values of the culture, and they do not know where to begin.

The implication of *Past Continuous* is that the faith—in God or country—that makes life endurable is all but impossible to sustain where there is no hardship. This becomes more obvious as the novel draws to a close. Goldman, who has hitherto been peripheral, is brought forward. A creature without faith, without deeper goals or connections, he inches toward his awful self-recognition. First, though, he will try the various panaceas of the age. He exercises on a contraption called the Bullworker to build up the outer man; he undertakes a dilettantish study of astronomy and begins translating the *Somnium*, an ancient cosmological treatise. The study eventually becomes oppressive, "filling him with a feeling of the nothingness and meaninglessness of the universe in the light of the infinite finiteness and the complete neutrality of time and of space . . ." Life without higher sanction is unendurable. He sees, after Lazar dies, that there is no longer sustenance in his relationships; he has no reason to go on.

If this were all, if Shabtai had served up a vision of generational decline and nothing else, *Past Continuous* would stand as one of the bleakest contributions to modern literature. What mitigates the horror, paradoxically, is Shabtai's vision of time. For the past that presses forward at every instant is also the repository of legends and their lessons. It is the *living* repository—for frail though these elders may be, many of them are yet among us. Long after Caesar's empty buffoonery and Goldman's suicide have dimmed in the memory, the image of Zipporah endures. Here she is arriving at a wedding in the final pages of the book:

> . . . at that moment there was a stir and Zipporah appeared in the doorway to the hall. She was sitting in a wheelchair and Esther pushed her slowly among the guests, who came up to her one after the other and respectfully, admiringly, and also affectionately shook her hand and kissed her cheek and exchanged a few words with her, and Goldman remained standing where he was and he looked at her and saw her approaching him in her wheelchair—a small, erect woman in a dark woolen dress, with one foot shod in a white canvas shoe peeping out from under it, her short, curly gray hair tied in a black ribbon and her little face, as rosy and wrinkled as an old apple, shining with an intelligence and authority which were nothing but the expression of her own integrity and her confident and tireless affirmation of life with all its difficulties and suffering.

SVEN BIRKERTS

Sven Birkerts, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, currently teaches expository writing at Harvard University.

TEACHING JOHNNY TO READ

Illiterate America by Jonathan Kozol

(Doubleday, 270 pp., $15.95)

As many as 60 million adults in America may be illiterate: that is a third of the entire population above the age of 16. This startling and by now well-publicized statistic is often cited as a devastating indictment of America's educational system, and of its political and social system as well. Illiteracy certainly is a huge handicap for too many citizens. Their employment prospects are dim, and they represent both a burden on society and a severe loss to it. Illiteracy, however, is a complex notion, not a simple label for an inability to read and write. "Science" or "computer" illiteracy, for example, is clearly a very different issue from reading difficulties. Intolerable as any manifestation of illiteracy in the United States may be, successful efforts to tackle the problem depend on a clear understanding of all its complexities.

Jonathan Kozol's new book is an effort both to underscore the severity of the problem and to suggest possible solutions. He devotes his first two chapters to rattling off a series of figures, culled from various studies and surveys conducted over the past decade, to show that there is no consensus on the extent of illiteracy or, for that matter, its definition. He states that the United States ranks 49th among the 158 members of the United Nations in its level of literacy, neglecting to inform the reader that what is considered illiteracy in this country is more than likely thought of as literacy elsewhere. Finally, ignoring his own equivocations, as well as the inherent inaccuracy of the data and the many caveats attached to most of the studies he cites, he lumps 60 million people into one virtually undifferentiated category of "Illiterate America." Thus he fails to offer a full portrait of illiteracy, leaving the reader instead to wade through a sea of numbers and stereotypes about illiteracy.

Kozol does amplify this essentially demagogic exposition, but only with a series of anecdotes and unsubstantiated assertions about what illiterates can and cannot do. In his next few chapters he conveys the impression that America's illiterate mass is a disadvantaged and disenfranchised minority living on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fringes of society, unable to participate in any of its activities (except crime) and writhing in psychological agony as a result. Illiterates do not vote and "those who do are forced to cast a vote of questionable worth." They do not understand any printed matter and are easy prey for television, their constant companion. They do not work. When they do get jobs, they are continually scheming to mask their inadequacies and are prone to making errors that endanger themselves and others. Illiteracy allows the state to subjugate this population, robbing it of its rights and human dignity.

Excoriating schools has become a national pastime in America. Kozol joins in, proclaiming that sins of omission and commission by the schools are largely responsible for the vast extent of adult illiteracy. Indeed, he posits, there is a sinister plot afoot to render schools serving "the poorest people in our nation" both ineffectual and impotent. Illiteracy is deliberate. Literacy is political. Moreover, he asserts, illiterates form what is more or less a permanent underclass, since there is a "cycle of illiteracy" at work, creating successive generations of illiterates.

FOLLOWING an all too brief account of some of the current literacy instruction efforts, Kozol proposes his own solution. He condemns the Reagan administration for paying only token attention to illiteracy, and announces that "the building of a national upheaval is the purpose of this book." Although it is not surprising that the administration is the butt of his onslaught, it is ironic to discover that both espouse similar strategies for dealing with illiteracy. Both agree that "war" must be "waged," "fought" by "armies" of volunteers. Americans who "care" and can read, at least can read better than their potential students, should surge into action. If the campaign is sufficiently intensive, it could alleviate illiteracy in short shrift. The differences between the two appear to be marginal. Kozol would like far greater financial commitment on the part of the government. The administration seems to be enamored of volunteers precisely because they cost so little.

Kozol spells out his solution in some detail. His "all out literacy war in the United States" is to be conducted in three phases. First, the illiterate themselves will rise in "civil disobedience in pedagogic clothes," demanding rectification of their condition. Then a WPA-style mobilization will take place, in which millions of literacy workers will be recruited, some for pay, others as volunteers, each to teach a small circle of students. The third stage will focus attention on those who can read, but not well—the functionally illiterate. Without hitches, Kozol estimates that within ten years, 15 at most, illiteracy could be eliminated. Carried away with his own rhetoric, Kozol then goes on to expound a vision of peace and tranquility that will prevail in a literate world.

IN ALL THIS, Kozol fails to discuss the precise nature of literacy. At its simplest "literacy" is the ability to read and write. However, beyond initial alphabet recognition skills that make it possible for people to identify letters and their cognate sounds, then form words, sentences, and phrases, what is commonly referred to as reading in fact constitutes a measure of comprehension. Grade-level designations, measured by nationally standardized exams that test students' understanding of the content of texts, are typically employed to describe reading ability. Such understanding, in turn, is obviously a function of broader education, knowledge, and vocabulary. But it is important to bear in mind that texts likely to appear on school examinations differ in content and language from those that adults normally confront in the course of their daily lives. It is possible, in fact, that a school graduate might be judged "literate," only to have trouble understanding written material later on and be considered "functionally illiterate." Functional illiteracy, then, is merely shorthand for those who lack both the background knowledge and vocabulary necessary to make what they can "read" actually intelligible.

A little over a third of the "illiterate" population has been identified as being "hard-core" illiterate—unable to either read or write the simplest of messages. Most have attended school, but few ever completed secondary education. Their condition is the most disconcerting. They are difficult to reach, and once reached, the most difficult to teach. Their illiteracy is but one sign of broader disadvantage and deprivation. Important as efforts to eradicate illiteracy among this group may be, they are no more than poor palliatives for coping with poverty and marginality. A far broader policy of social action is required to improve the condition of this segment of society.

Schools cannot be expected to accomplish all things for all people and for all eventualities. They can seek to teach reading and the liberal arts, and even provide some preparation for future adult roles and responsibilities. They cannot, however, carry out their mission in a vacuum. They often operate in difficult conditions, only to be blamed for the perpetuation of the very circumstances that complicate their task and compromise their effectiveness. Although all may not be well in America's schools, it is wrong to suggest that all that is ill originates in them. Kozol would have us believe otherwise.

SINCE functional literacy depends on specific contexts of knowledge and vocabulary, it makes sense that it be developed in those contexts. Schools can and do provide initial technical training in reading. But further "fine-tuning," either through practice or specific applications, is obviously required, and school often isn't the best setting. Employers, for example, have been supplementing and complementing formal school education through a wide array of education and training programs in the workplace over the past century. These activities have burgeoned in the past decade, and now constitute a separate massive education system that consumes more resources than all of higher education combined. At least a portion of their efforts are devoted to the improvement of "basic skills" including reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. It is entirely within the realm of possibility that ties between schools and the workplace can be strengthened, but one context cannot completely replace the other. Technical reading skills, literacy, and functional literacy each develop best in different settings. Rather than set a 12th-grade reading level as a goal, as Kozol does, it is important to focus on the specific requirements of literacy that suit particular circumstances. As part of a solution to literacy difficulties, we should begin to view education as a lifelong experience of adjusting basic abilities to new situations, rather than as an initial preparatory event.

In using the combat terminology that has long characterized literacy improvement efforts around the world, both Kozol and the administration fail to learn from its failures. Literacy "cam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paigns" have been "waged" in over 100 countries, mostly unsuccessfully. Kozol invokes the politically inspired, romantic, and largely untested campaigns conducted in Cuba and Nicaragua as models. But even if those have been effective—which is far from clear—they are aimed at conditions that are hardly comparable to the American situation. In general, dropout rates for such campaigns are inordinately high, and retention of literacy over time is abysmal. The sorry record is no reflection on the dedication of volunteers; it is largely a function of the kind of simplistic definition and analysis that permeates Kozol's book, as well as of the difficulties in teaching adult learners. Ill-conceived and ill-planned, literacy work worldwide has not pointed out the direction that an effective literacy effort should take. Good programs are few and far between, and they do not lend themselves to emulation, since their success consists in being addressed to specific situations and conditions.

Yet they do have important lessons to teach, and it is a pity Kozol hasn't learned them. Had he delved into the literature and experience that have accumulated here since the start of the century, he would have found many useful suggestions—and warnings. He would have found that the key to grappling with functional illiteracy rests in expanding knowledge and vocabulary, not in the teaching of mechanical reading skills. He would have discovered that carefully designed curricula and teaching methods are far more important than merely matching goodwilled teachers with illiterate students. It would have become apparent that poverty and misery won't be banished simply by making people more literate.

The tortuous haughtiness of Kozol's prose conceals neither his simplistic exposition of the troublesome dilemma of illiteracy nor the sophomoric nature of the solutions he offers. His own words can serve as an accurate assessment of this volume: "Books are inventions. Some of them are good inventions; others are profoundly flawed."

DAVID HARMAN

David Harman is a visiting professor of education at Teachers College at Columbia University and co-author of *Adult Illiteracy in the United States* (McGraw Hill).

FIDDLEHEAD

The inward turn of mind,
A hymn-bright coil closed
Down with its fervent clutch
Of six like-minded believers,

A backwoods congregation,
The ground broken like bread
Over histories of leafmat
Between light and death.

Each soul shreds its own.
What little, what lot is left
To clear the throat—dirt
Crystal, cackling parchment,

The dying rise of seasons—
Is coughed up. *Distraction's*
Beyond my moral, not Jack-
In-the pulpit, not the trillium's

Scarlet letter. I've survived
Out here. Here's the counter-
Culture, beads of thaw-sweat,
Roots in acid, outstretching

Arms, a sharp-toothed pamphlet
Miniature of the point in each,
Less to read time after time
Until it's been made. It says,

[Something] Saves. Hard to make
Out, they're in such a hurry
To ascend. Not long it's a high
Church crozier, the flock around

Of hepatica in starched collars.
Beliefs change, harden.
Take that thin rib, the west
Drawn out of east, who would

Have thought how it turns out?
Not the sun of its frond of horizon,
A port-flushed vicar nodding
Off behind the potted fern.

J. D. MCCLATCHY

SCIENTIFIC SELECTION

Solid Clues: Quantum Physics, Molecular Biology and the Future of Science by Gerald Feinberg

(Simon and Schuster, 287 pp., $17.95)

There is no "science of science," according to Gerald Feinberg, physicist and author of three popular books on physics and biology. The analytical mind has pinned and dissected nearly everything in nature but science itself. Now, Feinberg says, it is time to put the scientists to work on themselves. They should make a systematic study of where their knowledge has come from and where it is leading. They should locate gaps in the record. And they should develop a plan for the future.

Feinberg does not mean that scientists need to improve their lobbying skills. These are sharp already. Rather, they need to be more self-critical. They should try to generalize about their work so that those outside their field will be able to understand it and perhaps anticipate the course of research. More important, scientists would benefit by having an agenda of significant issues to work on, for this would steer them away from fads.

Solid Clues is an example of the kind of broad self-inquiry Feinberg has in mind. It is not philosophy, but something narrower and less presumptuous. It describes patterns of recent discovery in several fields and makes some educated but not very specific guesses about the future. Feinberg's plain language makes the book accessible, but there is some confusion about the kind of audience it is meant to reach.

The two main fields he treats, quantum physics and molecular biology, are pure science, in Feinberg's terms. The others, math and computers, are ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

juncts. Feinberg himself is a physicist at Columbia University specializing in weird (from our point of view) distortions in space-time. He justifies his focus on the two topics of physics and biology by saying they are "progressing the most rapidly" of all disciplines and are likely to bring "the most important discoveries" in the next few decades.

Feinberg summarizes quite readably the recent history of cosmology and discusses the future of research on the universe. He presents thumbnail sketches of the latest theories on black holes and the texture of space-time. (Time seems reversible and space seems "granular" at the subatomic level.) He speculates about new, fundamental ideas for understanding subatomic matter and hopes it soon will be possible to use mathematics to describe universal principles of chaos and order. In the area of biology, he describes competing theories about aging, including one based on natural selection and another on accumulated genetic errors in the cell. He discusses the still unsolved puzzles of cell specialization and morphogenesis.

FEINBERG'S aim in all this is not novel. Many have dreamed of bringing knowledge to heel and subjecting it to rational planning. But experience suggests that ideas do not grow in regular, predictable patterns. They often appear by leaps of intuition or accident. Thomas Kuhn's model of scientific revolution has now become a cliché. It points out that some discoveries in the past were recognized after they had broken through not just a barrier of indifference, but a wall of hostility. The people who defend the wall of tradition are often the most knowledgeable of the older generation, the scientific elders who do not want to see their own hard-won insights toppled and buried. In a system of planned knowledge, they would surely be the planners, perhaps even better able to stop revolutions.

A famous case in the 20th century involved the "ether," that all-pervasive but imperceptible stuff that, according to physicists at the turn of the century, filled empty space. It had to exist because light waves had to have some kind of ethereal "sea" to ripple through. The problem became almost an obsession for physicists at the time. Einstein dissolved it with the stroke of a pen. He cited old evidence and personal intuition to argue that the best way to deal with the ether was to assume it didn't exist. The establishment was shocked, but after a while it agreed to give up its ether.

Consider what might have happened in a rigorously planned environment. What if the National Science Foundation had named ether-study the number one topic for the decade? And what if a dozen universities had signed onto the bandwagon to get Pentagon-style support? Would this establishment be more or less likely than Einstein's to accept radical ideas from beyond the pale? The book doesn't try to answer this question.

Feinberg does not worry about tradition having too much authority. Just the reverse: he is more frightened by the deluge of innovation. There are too many new journals, new findings, new data, many of them trivial. The information overload, he says, leads to extreme specialization.

There are pragmatic reasons for establishing priorities among the fast proliferating endeavors as well. By developing a "science of science," it may be possible to distinguish between worthy and unworthy projects in the overgrown research establishment—which will be essential if the government loses its present infatuation with basic research and cuts support. As the competition for survival grows, it will be necessary to have better and more rational ways of allocating funds.

FEINBERG acknowledges that others differ with him both on the feasibility and desirability of bringing order to scientific inquiry. Many subscribe to the "fishnet" theory of knowledge: just keep casting and sooner or later you'll catch something good. He disagrees. But the pity is that he goes no further than stating the disagreement. He does not dwell on points like this, preferring to bustle along with his agenda for scientific activity.

In covering so much ground so rapidly, Feinberg ends up producing a list of technological accomplishments, joined to a series of inspirational messages about the good things to come from science and technology. The list may be interesting as a way of getting a perspective on recent scientific news. And the inspirational message may be comforting. But I think it is not the kind of agenda for science that anyone will be able to put to practical use. The choices that will have to be made are too far off

CALL FOR ANY CURRENT BOOK.

BOOK CALL™

1-800-255-2665

In Connecticut call 1-966-5470.
• Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
• We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. • Gift wrapping available. • Mail orders welcome.

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840.

ZERO NET MIGRATION

Join with us in our efforts to make ***Zero Net Migration*** the cornerstone of our national policy on immigration. ***Zero Net Migration*** means that each year immigration (in-migration) would not exceed emigration (out-migration), so that ***net*** migration would no longer contribute to U.S. population growth.

A policy of ***Zero Net Migration*** would require reducing the annual quota for legal immigration to an **OVERALL CEILING** of about 100,000. This ceiling should include all relatives and refugees, who now enter outside of quota. (There were over 600,000 legal immigrants in 1982.)

Write today for our **FREE BROCHURE**
Negative Population Growth, Inc.
16 East 42nd Street, Suite 1042 (G-5)
New York, N.Y. 10017

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

ADDRESS CHANGE?

If you plan to change your address please give us 4 weeks notice. We can handle this change most efficiently if you follow the instructions below:

1. Send us the mailing label on the front of this magazine to let us know your old address.
2. Write your new address below.
3. Mail this coupon to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

☐ Please send The New Republic to my new address:

Name (please print)

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

To enter a new subscription or renew your current subscription, to order gift subscriptions or have your name removed from the TNR mailing list, please write to the address above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be analyzed with any definition; Feinberg finally offers neither specific advice nor a theory for dealing with scientific research in the future, other than to say that we should be systematic. *Solid Clues* is a good tourist's guide to biology and physics in the 20th century, but it succeeds no better than its predecessors in demonstrating how a science of science would work.

ELIOT MARSHALL

Eliot Marshall is a writer for *Science* magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

sort of distortion doesn't belong in mature foreign policy discussions. I certainly think we should challenge the Soviets, and the most effective way to do that is through support for democratic revolutions. Does that mean that the Soviets will either change their worldview or that there will be war? Hardly. When we supported democracy in postwar Western Europe, we dealt a blow to Stalin's strategy, rallied the democratic forces, and stabilized the continent. Had we not done so, war would have become more, not less, likely.

Your reviewer even alleges that my call for support for the democratic revolution is a lie, because I *really* believe we should support pro-American governments and regimes, whatever their political structure. The decisive example of my "hidden agenda" is the case of El Salvador, which I consider a democratic revolution. He says this "is to set the standard for democracy rather low." Really? The Salvadorans have overthrown a military dictatorship, driven the traditional oligarchy into exile, instituted a massive land-reform program (imperfectly, to be sure), and submitted to the verdict of a series of free elections, all the while fighting a foreign-sponsored guerrilla war. To deny El Salvador the democratic legitimacy it has earned at such a cost is political partisanship, not serious analysis.

Your man also misunderstands how one deals with authoritarian friends. Dictators friendly to us must be told that the United States cannot maintain long-term support for them if they do not evolve toward greater democracy. But at the same time, we must give them our full support while the transformation of the political system takes place, or when they come under attack from totalitarian enemies.

What happens when the "friendly tyrant" refuses to play this game? The answer will depend upon the real alternatives, but there will certainly be cases when we should support his democratic enemies. It was right to support the anti-Somoza forces in Nicaragua, for example, provided that we did not cop out after the overthrow of the dictator and leave the field clear to the totalitarians who subsequently prevailed. There will be some very tough calls in implementing the policy I advocate; unlike your reviewer, I recognize that the United States will sometimes have to choose the lesser of two evils. But the complexity of the real world should not provide an excuse for facile attacks against good policy.

Finally, the lack of seriousness of your reviewer is demonstrated by his attack—unique in my experience—on my acknowledgments. Is he paid by the word, or what?

MICHAEL A. LEDEEN

Timothy Garton Ash replies:

I returned from a fortnight's tour through East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland to find Mr. Ledeen, in Washington, urging me to "look more carefully" for the "abundant evidence" of organizations like Solidarity in other countries of the Soviet empire. Yet I note that Mr. Ledeen does not feel called upon to produce a single piece of his abundant evidence in the course of a lengthy reply. Until he does so, I am regretfully forced to conclude that, on this subject, Mr. Ledeen does not know what he is talking about. Incidentally, I did not dismiss Mr. Ledeen's original assertion as "utter poppycock"; I dismissed it as "absolute poppycock." All but one of his other points can be answered by rereading what I actually wrote. However, I am glad to be able to agree, in all seriousness, with his last question: Am I paid by the word, or what?

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Women and Angels by Harold Brodkey (The Jewish Publication Society of America). Two ordinary fragments of a long-awaited novel, and a third remarkable one: the portrait of a revelation. (Reviewed 5/20/85)

Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank by E. James Lieberman M.D. (Free Press). Another chapter in the history of psychoanalysis. (5/20/85)

The Call: An American Missionary in China by John Hersey (Knopf). An unsentimental saga of one Christian's half-century in China. (5/13/85)

Mountbatten: A Biography by Philip Ziegler (Knopf). The aristocrat as ambitious, accomplished statesman. (5/13/85)

Money: A Suicide Note by Martin Amis (Viking). The manic monologue of a man who has everything but is nothing. (5/6/85)

The Other Arab-Israeli Conflict: Making America's Middle East Policy, from Truman to Reagan by Steven L. Spiegel (University of Chicago Press). An exhaustive, objective map of the maneuvers and muddles. (5/13/85)

Shah of Shahs by Ryszard Kapuściński, translated by William R. Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska-Brand (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A tale of tyranny, set in Iran. (4/8/85)

Harry Emerson Fosdick: Preacher, Pastor, Prophet by Robert Moats Miller (Oxford University Press). The life, times, and crusades of the liberal, ever active minister. (5/6/85)

The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams by Donald Spoto (Little, Brown). A thorough life of the carousing playwright. (5/13/85)

Home Truths: Sixteen Stories by Mavis Gallant (Random House). Portraits of Canadians at home and abroad. (5/13/85)

CREWS REVIEWS

To the editors:

The published letters objecting to my article "The Future of an Illusion" (January 21) are notable for the ground they collectively give away. Freud's trauma theory of neurosis, it is admitted, was wrong; many of his ideas were mere "products of his imagination"; psycho-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC SHOP-BY-MAIL DIRECTORY

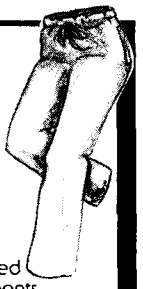
The Shop-By-Mail Directory is a monthly feature in The New Republic. Space is available to mail-order advertisers at the rate of $50 per column inch, camera-ready. If you are interested in advertising rates and information about the Shop-By-Mail Directory, call Joan Stapleton at (202) 331-7494 or write The New Republic Shop-By-Mail Directory, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20036.

PREGNANT WOMEN

Look your best! For fashion catalog (sizes 4-14) with fit guide, send $2.00 to Dept. NR-5 P.O. Box 091038, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

ReCreations MATERNITY

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!



. . .and into the lushly textured pure cotton comfort of our no-iron drawstring pants.

Offered in: *Natural • Navy Brown • Lilac • Plum Russet • Black • Grey*

$20 Postpaid & Guaranteed
State waist/hip measurements.

Deva, a Cottage Industry
Box NRG, Burkittsville, MD 21718
M/C VISA orders: (301) 473-4900

CATALOGUE & SWATCHES: 50¢

The People
The Workers' Advocate Since 1891...

Marxist biweekly covering major national and international events at rates working people can afford.

$4.00/one year, includes free pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment." $1.00/four months. Write:

Dept. NR1, 914 Industrial Avenue
Palo Alto, CA 94303

I B E R T

1886-1986

T-SHIRTS! Hanes 100% cotton white "beefy-T" crew neck. Graphic design in royal with bright red/orange windows.

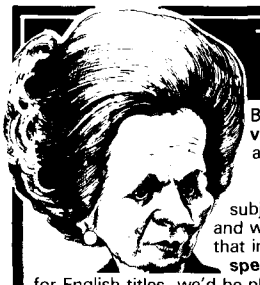
State : S, M, L, XL & quantity.
Check or Money order. $11.95 includes postage.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Return unused in 14 days.
California residents please add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Send to: Thor Industries, 1765 N. Highland Ave, Suite 682, Hollywood, CA 90028

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT SALE!

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 102
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!
$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL
Visa & MC



THANKS TO THATCHER

Books from England are **very** inexpensive. Send a cheque for $5.00 and we'll prove it! Simply tell us the subject that interests you and we'll send a book to suit that interest. If there are any **specific** requests you have for English titles, we'd be pleased to supply them. Address your correspondence to: Nina Cline

CASTLE HILL BOOK SHOP
Richmond, Yorkshire, England DL10 4QP

ISRAEL

ISRAEL FRIENDSHIP CAMP
and travel explorations

- July 7 - August 18
- 150 Israelis & North Americans
- Two age groups: 12-14, 15-17
- Touring & Residential Program
- Arts, Music, Drama, Dance, Sports
- Kibbutz Stays
- Egypt Extension

INTERLOCKEN IN ISRAEL
Israel Friendship Camp
RFD 2, Box 165R, Hillsboro, NH 03244
or call **603-478-3202**

MAKE THE WORLD YOUR CAREER!

You can explore a world of opportunity from your own home or office with **INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE.** Monthly issues reveal dozens of exciting current international jobs in government, private and non-profit sectors for both the temporary traveler and the career-minded. Read what others have said about the **HOTLINE...**

"Will Cantrell's INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE is the most accurate and honest report we have found on overseas employment."
INTERNATIONAL LIVING

"...a real publication, kept carefully updated and current, about real jobs in every part of the world from Ecuador to Egypt."
SCIENCE AND MECHANICS

Since 1980 the **HOTLINE** has covered thousands of job opportunities in over 100 countries. You can receive coverage of the world's most exciting jobs by sending your name, address and check or money order for (US)$26 One Year Subscription or (US)$18 Six Months Subscription to INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE, P.O. BOX 6170P, McLEAN, VA 22106.

Discover What's Waiting for You in the World - and How to Get it Now!

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

Nanticoke Manor House
A Victorian Bed & Breakfast Inn
Overlooking the Nanticoke River on Maryland's Eastern Shore County of Dorchester. Authentic furnishings, spiral staircases, and fireplaces in a historic town founded in 1706 near Blackwater Wildlife Refuge.
Box 156, Vienna, Md. 21869 (301) 376-3530

Famous Paris Perfumes

These mini flacons are authentic reproductions of the familiar regular-size bottles, all imported from France. Each perfume is sealed by its respective manufacturer and presented in an elegant gift box that the French call "coffret". The coffrets contain either **five or ten different choice** perfumes, well-known brands which are recognized at once. They make an ideal gift for any occasion and its recipient will treasure each dab to the last drop-when it will be time to order again. **Reasonably priced compared to single 1/2 oz. & 1 oz. sizes.**

EURO-BOUTIQUE

Please send me :	Price	Quantity	Total
Box of five (1/3 oz)	$ 15.50	_____	$ _____
Box of ten (3/4 oz)	$ 22.50	_____	$ _____

Postpaid incl. Ins.
Enclosed is check/money order for $ _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY STATE ZIP _____

Delivery within 2 weeks - **Satisfaction guaranteed**
Please mail to : **EURO-BOUTIQUE**
NR2 P.O. Box 905 Lake Mary, FL 32746

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analytic clinical evidence is a circular artifact of the theory behind it; and analysts' claims of unique therapeutic efficacy are unfounded.

What, then, is left? Here my critics wax poetical. I have underrated the "mythic dynamism" of Freudian theory, which though untrue is surely "evocative of the truth." "Unconscious meanings," one writer chides, "will continue to move us in astounding and seemingly mysterious ways." Another writes that Freud's thought is "closer to philosophy than science," and still another invokes "religious truth . . . the reasons of the heart."

These apologetics, which Freud would have considered sentimental nonsense, illustrate the ultimate survival strategy to which his followers have been reduced. Since specific Freudian claims are indefensible, they must now be confused with the *domains of experience* that they touch upon. We are being asked to cling to psychoanalysis at the peril of forgetting that the mind is deep and dark. But as Ernest Nagel wrote in 1959, "The imaginative sweep of a set of ideas does not confer factual validity upon them." While honoring the reasons of the heart, let's also remember that erroneous psychological doctrines can be as harmful as they are evocative.

FREDERICK CREWS
Berkeley, California

Bird Of Prey

To the editors:
Why couldn't Mickey Kaus really examine the issues involving the right-wing attacks on California Chief Justice Rose Bird and her court ("Flipping the Bird," April 15)? Instead of nit-picking Bird's dissent on Proposition 13, why didn't Kaus examine *why* certain ultraconservative groups and gun-loving fanatics (such as H. L. Richardson) have expended years of effort to gain control of the court serve?

The important court decisions for progressives, feminists, and liberals involve environmental issues, medical abortions, workers' rights, children's rights, the rights of unmarried couples, welfare rights, and the right of personal privacy. These issues directly affect life in California. Kaus never mentioned them.

Nor did he mention the disturbing spectacle of seeing all these men and their groups attacking and belittling one prominent woman, who is the first female chief justice (and the only female justice) of the court. Such sexism seems obvious, especially in the era of Reaganism, but an effective court-watcher might contrast the opposition to Rose Bird with, for example, the lack of opposition to her predecessor, Donald Wright. Kaus's conclusions about what he sees as the dangers liberals face from this liberal and courageous court are neither logical nor worthy of the subject.

ANN FORFREEDOM
Oakland, California

Damned If He Doesn't

To the editors:
You recently criticized Senator Edward Kennedy's Hofstra University speech urging Democrats to move toward the political center (Notebook, April 15). I am a bit confused.

For the last four years, you have criticized Kennedy and others for being "out of step" with the rest of the country and with the newly adopted "neoliberal" stance of your magazine. You have contended that Kennedy and Co. believed that eventually Reaganomics would be seen as a failure, and that we would then return to the pre-Reagan programs and policies of the Democrats. You compared this wait-it-out strategy with that of Barry Goldwater and the conservatives of 1964, always adding that the conservatives had to wait 20 years to regain power.

We have been told, ad nauseam, that Democrats have become captives of the liberal wing of the party and must move toward the center. Now we have the man generally regarded as the leader of the left wing attempting to move his party out of electoral oblivion, and you find cause to criticize.

TAMMIE W. PRATHER
Washington, D.C.

Buy The Book

To the editors:
The writers of the Notebook love to offer their readers tasty tidbits of greed and hypocrisy. I particularly enjoyed the condemnation of former presidents signing their leather-bound memoirs that sell for $33.50 (April 22). Only three pages later we are given the amazing offer to buy old copies of TNR signed by Martin Peretz for $49.95 (plus shipping and handling). Just what I need to go with my sweatshirt and tie.

ALLEN KRANTZ
Philadelphia, Pa

TRB, *from page 4*

Jews to change his mind about the Bitburg visit. Oh no, no, no, Buchanan insisted after the story broke. That interpretation is "downright silly."

Picture the scene. There is Patrick Buchanan, famous for taking no sugar from anyone. He is sitting in the White House, listening to Jewish leaders urging him to get his president to back down. Outside, the TV cameras are poised to record the Jewish leaders' comments about the meeting. Somewhere, he knows, Elie Wiesel is accepting another award. Yet it would be "downright silly" to suppose that, under such circumstances, concern about "the pressure of the Jews" could possibly "be construed as representing my position."

In fact, Buchanan embroidered further, he was merely taking note of the concern of the Jewish leaders that the White House *not* be perceived as "succumbing to the pressure of the Jews." This elaboration puts Buchanan at risk of being perceived as succumbing to pressure to allow himself to be perceived as not succumbing to pressure. But such a perception, I suppose, would be even sillier.

The Jewish leaders who witnessed this historic gaffe were as eager as Buchanan was to cover it up. "It is not a fair conclusion to draw that Jewish pressure was a concern of Mr. Buchanan's," said Kenneth Bialkin, national chairman of the Anti-Defamation League, who sat next to Buchanan at the meeting. Bialkin no doubt was eager that an important White House official not be perceived as being resentful of Jewish pressure, a perception the official might blame on Jewish pressure, which he would resent, thus making him less amenable to Jewish pressure. Such delicate considerations aside, though, it would be interesting to know what these Jewish leaders thought they were doing at the White House if not attempting to make Reagan "succumb to the pressure of the Jews." Why else were they bothering? The entire gaffe was based on the pretense that what was obviously going on was not going on.

High Policy lies like "humanitarian aid" are more important taken individually, I suppose. But it's the trivial lies like those surrounding the Buchanan Notepad Scandal that give Washington its rich texture of absurdity and make reading the newspapers so much fun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Equivalences

LAST WEEK the capital was in transports of ethical reasoning, most of it fallacious. The least fallacious was a colloquium of neoconservatives convened at the Madison Hotel to prove the proposition that there is no "moral equivalence" between the United States and the Soviet Union. No fallacy at all, that; though for the purposes of foreign policy it is not all we know on earth and all we need to know. Still, would that their man in the White House were at least as lucid. Instead he brought flowers to Bitburg. I can think of no more definitive illustration of the essential moral idiocy of the image-making machine. Michael Deaver did not do his job badly, he did it well; but his job is to understand mass murder telegenically. The political necrophilia that followed—the ghoulish exercise of special interest politics that required a number of German corpses for a number of Jewish corpses—followed logically. Thus, the Flossenburg concentration camp was ruled out by the Deaver party when it discovered that not enough Jews died there. Poor Flossenburg. Damned if it did and damned if it didn't.

NO NEED ANYMORE to review the president's judgments of the moral and historical meaning of Hitler's kingdom. They are legend. But the morning after the "wonderful day" (the president's words) the notion is widespread that the stop at Bergen-Belsen is evidence of an improvement. Not so fast. Bergen-Belsen is precisely the stop that the president did not wish to make, and only the cynicism of his counselors convinced him to make it. The first time a president cried at a concentration camp he cried because it was part of his job description. William Safire says that Reagan's "series of blunders turned out to be a blessing," since they "forced a forgetful world through a most necessary grief." He should speak for himself. Many of us—indeed, at this late date in the education of the American people on the subject of the Final Solution, most of us—were already aware of what the Germans did, and already grieving. Of course, better late than never for a president of the United States; but the incredible fact remains that a president of the United States seems to have been one of the last to know. Then he has the temerity to tell the world, from the pulpit at Bergen-Belsen that his media men coaxed out of him, that "I am a Jew in a world still threatened by anti-Semitism. I am an Afghan and I am a prisoner of the Gulag, I am a refugee in a crowded boat foundering off the coast of Vietnam, I am a Laotian, a Cambodian, a Cuban, a Misquito Indian in Nicaragua. . . ." When I read this I understood the reason for that meeting at the Madison. The "moral equivalence" contagion is widespread. Does Ronald Reagan really expect us to think that these sentiments belong to anybody but his speech writer? The moral sense, after all, is not acquired from briefing books. In fact Reagan is nothing like any of the unfortunates in his carefully crafted catalog. He is merely a party-going Republican from Pacific Palisades who believes that the darkest days of the 20th century may be met with slogans and a smile.

THERE IS ONE THING, however, of which the president cannot be accused. That is the politicization of the Holocaust. You cannot politicize something you do not really possess. Still, the president had apologists enough to do the dirty deed. There turned out to be a political justification, after all, for the offense to the Jews and the GIs. The general line of argument was that there is a contradiction between "memory" and "reconciliation," between the requirements of the heart and the historical consciousness and the requirements of the struggle against the Soviet Union. Reminding our most important ally in Europe of its past would be playing into the hands of our enemy. Paul Johnson authored a rather breathtaking version of the argument in *The Spectator*. "Isn't it about time," he asked,"we began to treat the second world war and the Nazi epoch as history, instead as part of current affairs?" "Without allowing our emotions to cloud our analysis of the facts," he continued, we must admit that, while the war was "a tragedy for our civilization," it was "an even greater tragedy for the Germans themselves." To be sure, we must recall the Holocaust, "the one gigantic episode in Hitler's wicked career which ought to be kept fresh in our minds," but it must be no less fresh in our minds that the German people "parted company" with Hitler in 1939 and generally lacked "the will to war." Alas, a Diarist allows no more than 1,169 words; my readers will have to correct Johnson's errors themselves. It is the enormity of the errors, and their political inspiration, that is my point. You begin to get the feeling that Elie Wiesel stands accused of doing Mikhail Gorbachev's work.

CLOSER TO HOME, the moral and political rehabilitation of the Bitburg brainstorm has been the work of George F. Will. At the close of the Brinkley show on gloomy Sunday he muttered a few utterly unworthy words to the effect that those who are keeping their anger alive have a political reason for doing so. More substantially, Will has been asking what exactly is wrong about the president's observations that "there were thousands of soldiers to whom Nazism meant no more than a brutal end to a short life" and that "we can mourn the German war dead as human beings crushed by a vicious ideology." Strictly speaking, nothing is wrong. *Obviously* not all the soldiers were war criminals. *Obviously* all the soldiers were human beings crushed. What tells, however, is the emphasis. The past is not evenly weighted. Not all of history's facts are equally urgent. For example, the fact that there were war crimes is morally more primary than the fact that not all the soldiers were war criminals. Nobody is disputing the truth of the president's observations—Will is arguing against a straw Jew—but it is the lesser truth. And the miscalculation of the moral significance of a lesser truth is a fine definition of, well, moral equivalence. No, this time it was Norman Podhoretz who saved the honor of his gang. He wrote quite correctly that the stake in the Bitburg visit was finally the proper interpretation of totalitarianism. So it was. Is the feeling for freedom in the West really too frail to withstand the recollection of Germany's recent past? It is bad enough to be told, as I am by many conservatives, that I may no longer tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just. May I not even tremble for my country's friend?

L.W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mitey Barons with their manager, Ken Flaherty, Suncor Public Affairs Coordinator. Ft. McMurray, Canada.

SUN, ENERGY AND THE MITEY BARONS. Twenty years ago Ft. McMurray, Canada, wasn't the town it is today. In fact, it was barely a town at all. That was before Sun Company developed a process to extract oil from the surrounding tar sands. And Sun people like Ken Flaherty can tell you what's developed since then.

"There was a time when this place was mostly tar sands and virtually undeveloped. But Sun brought a lot of energy to Ft. McMurray. We're getting more than fifty thousand barrels of oil a day from these sands. And under the snow around here there's more oil than in Saudi Arabia.

"We've got jobs, a community, and some pretty decent hockey teams. The energy's not just under the snow. It's everywhere."

At Sun we think putting our energy back into a community is just as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S SUN THERE'S ENERGY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED